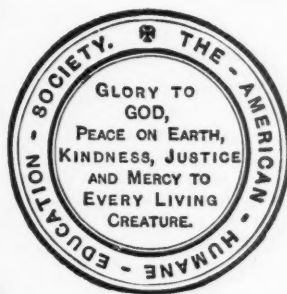


Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.
"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



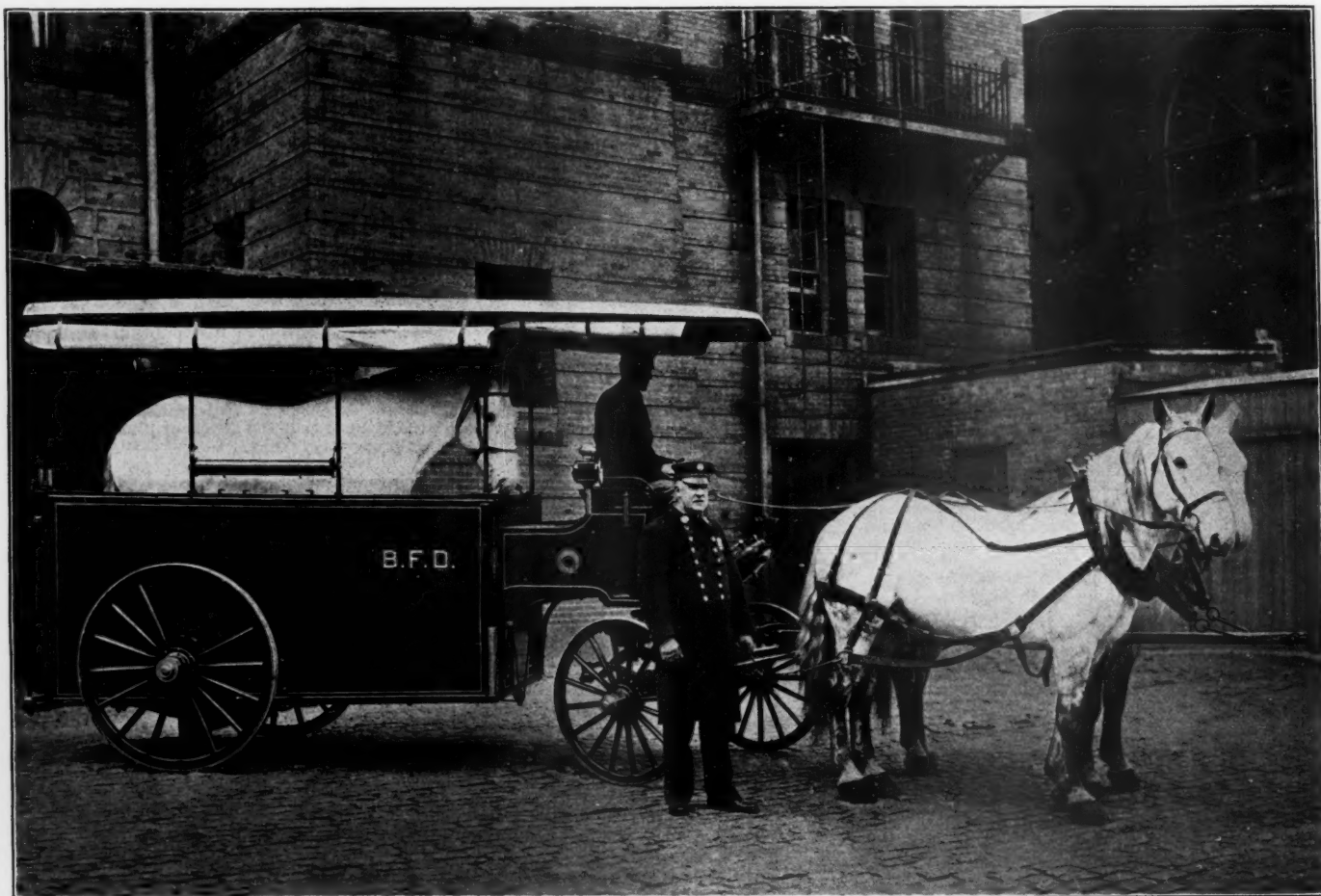
CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 42

Boston, January, 1910

No. 8



NEW AMBULANCE OF THE BOSTON FIRE DEPARTMENT

Photograph by George Brayton, Boston

For Our Dumb Animals

"THE BIRDS ARE GONE"

The birds are gone; the woods are still;
In shaded vale, on wooded hill,
Hushed is the wild bird's merry song
That cheered the wild woods all day long.
Where once the woods with music rang,
And Nature's sweetest songsters sang,
The wintry winds now fill the air
With ceaseless moaning everywhere.
The merry wren, the saucy jay,
The bobolink with soulful lay,
The oriole on topmost bough,
Singing and swinging—are silent now.
But then, when lovely springtime comes,
We know that from their southern homes,
A myriad throng, sweet singers all,
Will from a thousand treetops call,
Singing their songs, so rich, so rare,
God's winged minstrels of the air,
Filled with His love, their voices raise,
Chanting loud anthems in His praise.

HENRY A. PERSHING,

South Bend, Ind.

A PHYSICIAN ON VIVISECTION

There are certain presumptive arguments against vivisection. If there be a God of love and power, without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground—a God who giveth to the beast his food and to the young ravens which cry; who is good to all, and whose tender mercies are over all His works—surely it is not in accordance with His character and purposes that animals should undergo cruel tortures for man's benefit.

The animal creation has been made subject to man; many of them are our dependents, and some are capable of the strongest attachment to human beings, and become the most devoted friends. Even the wild animal sometimes appeals in its distress for human help.

What might not all animal creation become to man if everywhere the law of kindness ruled his action! Physicians, whose very name points to widest sympathy with Nature, ought to be the chief apostles in preventing cruelty and proclaiming kindness to animals as the duty of man—and therefore must take heed lest the power of their apostleship be weakened by needless, useless, and painful vivisections; for preaching and practice coincide, if good effect comes from the former.

THEOPHILUS PARVIN, M.D., LL.D.

HEROES OF PEACE

Heroes of peace are found in every walk of life and in every situation, says the editor of the *Rico, Colorado, Item*. In mine and workshop, in field and forest, they are always to be found in every time of need to risk or even lose their lives in the attempt to save their fellow creatures from danger and death. Not a week passes but the pulse beats quicker and faith in humanity is strengthened because of heroic deeds done not to destroy life, but to save it.

People talk of a terrible mining catastrophe and of hundreds meeting death far down in the lower workings. And mingled with sentiments of pity is the glow of pride as they read of the rescuing party going down into the inferno of smoke and fire and deadly gas to rescue their fellows. They go down once too often and are brought to the surface, blackened and disfigured corpses. They sealed their devotion to duty and humanity by their lives.

Let us hope and pray and believe that war may be banished by 1915. Why not? It is a relic of barbarism as inexcusable as cannibalism.—*Journal of Education*.

Every dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime.

PRIZES FOR ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Cash Offers for Essays, Stories, Anecdotes, and Photographs for OUR DUMB ANIMALS



AMERICAN Humane Education Society, which pays for some thousands of copies of *Our Dumb Animals* each month to be sent to editors all over the country, offers a series of cash prizes for original contributions of manuscripts and photographs to be published in this paper during March, April, and May, 1910. There are four classes of prizes for each of three issues;

I. Essays II. Stories III. Anecdotes IV. Photographs

The first contest, for publication in the March, 1910, issue of *Our Dumb Animals*, will open January 17, and end February 15, 1910.

The second contest, for publication in the April, 1910, issue of *Our Dumb Animals*, will open February 16, and end March 15, 1910.

The third contest, for publication in the May, 1910, issue of *Our Dumb Animals*, will open March 16, and end April 15, 1910.

It is especially desirable that contributions reach this office as early as possible during the period of the contest for which they are entered.

For each of these three months cash prizes will be paid as follows, provided enough contributions considered worthy of publication are received:

I. ESSAYS on Humane Topics of General Interest

These include humane education; care and treatment of animals and birds; practical problems of popular interest that confront societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, especially such as relate to horses, dogs, and cats. These should be ethical and not merely descriptive narratives.

Manuscripts to contain not less than six hundred, nor more than twelve hundred words. First prize, \$10.00; second prize, \$5.00; third prize, \$3.00.

II. STORIES Which May or May not be Fiction

These to be of such a nature as to arouse sympathy, interest, or care for animals or birds, or to teach or illustrate kindness to them.

Manuscripts to contain not less than five hundred, nor more than one thousand words. First prize, \$10.00; second prize, \$5.00; third prize, \$3.00.

III. ANECDOTES of Unusual Interest About Animals of Any Kind

Manuscripts to contain not less than one hundred, nor more than three hundred words. First prize, \$3.00; second prize, \$2.00; five prizes of \$1.00 each.

IV. PHOTOGRAPHS of Animals or Birds

Prints to be not less than two and one-quarter inches in width.

The animal should be the centre of attraction, and space on prints should not be largely given to buildings, fields, or persons, except in unusually interesting positions or situations. Prints of large figures, about five inches wide, adapted to reproduction by the half-tone process, are most suitable.

First prize, \$3.00; second prize, \$2.00; three prizes of \$1.00 each.

Where photographs accompany manuscripts, to illustrate them, each manuscript and photograph will be treated separately. One or more photographs may win a prize, and the manuscript not be published; or, the manuscript may win a prize, and the photographs not; or, all may win prizes.

RULES GOVERNING ALL THE CONTESTS

1. Only original manuscripts or photographs, never before published, may be entered.
2. These contests are open to all, and any writer or photographer may submit any number of entries in all the classes, each month. Success in one contest will not bar contestants from entering another, but the same manuscripts or photographs may not be submitted a second time.
3. Competitors not receiving a prize but whose offerings are considered worthy of publication in the paper, will receive a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*, with the understanding that they are to receive no further compensation, but that the article or photograph, after having been published, may be considered their property.
4. All manuscripts and photographs winning cash prizes are to become the property of the American Humane Education Society. All prize winners will be entitled to one year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*.
5. All manuscripts to be written legibly (typewriting always preferred), on one side of the paper only.
6. Names and addresses of contestants to be written at the top of the first pages of manuscripts, and upon the backs of photographs.
7. As *Our Dumb Animals* itself, being the publication of a philanthropic organization and having no advertising income, does not pay for manuscripts, it will be necessary for all contestants to write on the outside of the envelope, in which the manuscript or photograph is enclosed, the word, "Essay," or "Story," or "Anecdote," or "Photograph." Where enclosures are made for more than one class, write the names of all classes in which entry is desired, as, "Story," "Two photographs." Be sure to address as follows: CONTEST EDITOR, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.
8. All letters to be sent, postage fully prepaid, with stamps enclosed for return of unavailable matter.
9. Successful manuscripts and photographs will be published in *Our Dumb Animals* on the first Tuesday of each month, and payment of prizes will be made by mail on that day.
10. The Editor's opinion, based upon the requirements of the paper, to be accepted as final and unquestioned.
11. Full information is given here, and we will be obliged to decline to answer any questions regarding the terms of the contest.

Copies of these particulars will be mailed free to all who apply to

CONTEST EDITOR, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

THE SNAIL

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out, and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn—'tis well—
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no quarter day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture
And his sole riches whereso'er he roam;
Knock when you will, he's sure to be at home.

CHARLES LAMB.

VISION OF ANIMALS

Poor Sight of Fish and Reptiles—Spectacles on Raven in London Zoo

Animals have eye troubles and there are many whose sight enables them to distinguish objects only at short distances. The vision of fish is very short and that of most serpents is so poor that they can see no farther than one-third of their own length.

Frogs are better endowed with sight and can see clearly a distance of twenty times their length.

After studying and testing the eyes of four hundred different animals in the London Zoo, Dr. Lindsay Johnson learned so much about the animals' eyes that he was able to fit glasses to all that were in any way defective.

A raven, which was operated upon for cataract, has actually been provided with spectacles, which are fitted to the eyes by means of a kind of hood. The improvement in its sight was obvious. Food mixed with sand was placed before it, and the bird at once began to pick out the edible matter.

"My method of examination," said Mr. Johnson, "was to get into a darkened cage in which was the animal and remain for several hours at a stretch at a distance of only a few inches from the eye of the animal, with a strong light cast upon the eye. I examined six lions like that and found that they were not difficult animals to deal with. They became partly hypnotized, and there was a tendency for them to fall into hypnotic sleep. Kangaroos when examined always went to sleep."

NURSING ORPHAN SEALS

On the revenue cutter Bear, bound for San Diego, Cal., are two fur seal pups brought down by boatswain Hudson Thurber, says the December *Oysterman*. His success in rearing the infants has aroused hope that extermination of the American seal herd may be averted. New born seals are helpless without their mothers. The mothers are obliged to leave the rookeries to seek food, and when the adults go outside the three mile limit, they are butchered by Japanese sealers, who last season, with twenty schooners, killed 10,000 seals. The babies left in rookeries starve to death. Thurber took two orphaned seals last summer and fed them on condensed milk until they were able to eat fish, and now they are vigorous pups. Scientific men believe this nursing of orphans can be practised on a large scale.

ANIMALS AT SEA

The polar bear is the only animal which really enjoys a trip on the sea. He is quite jolly, generally, when on shipboard; but all other animals violently resent such a voyage, and vociferously give vent to their feelings until seasickness brings silence. A tiger suffers most of all. He whines pitifully, his eyes water continually, and he constantly rubs his stomach with his terrible paws.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.



GREVY ZEBRA, FROM KING MENELIK, ABYSSINIA
NOW IN NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SHOOTING FOR PLEASURE

Noted Author Points out Its Brutalizing Influence on Human Nature

Conan Doyle aligns himself on the side of those who are opposed to the shooting of game, where the taking of life is done solely for pleasure, in "Some Recollections of Sport," in the October *Strand Magazine*.

"The rearing of birds in order to kill them, and the shooting of such sensitive and inoffensive animals as hares and deer, cannot, I think, be justified.

"Of course one is met always by the perfectly valid argument that the creatures would not live at all if it were not for the purposes of sport, and that it is presumably better from their point of view that they should eventually meet a violent death than that they should never have existed. No doubt this is true. But there is another side of the question as to the effect of the sport upon ourselves—whether it does not blunt our own better feelings, harden our sympathies, brutalize our natures. A coward can do it as well as a brave man; a weakling can do it as well as a strong man. There is no ultimate good from it. Have we a moral right, then, to kill creatures for amusement? I know many of the best and most kind-hearted men who do it, but still I feel that in a more advanced age it will no longer be possible."

The Central Illinois Pet Animal Cemetery Association has been incorporated and steps taken to prepare a graveyard for pet animals. It will be the first animal burial ground in Illinois, and one of the few in the country. Monuments are to mark the graves.

Salmon, pike, and goldfish are supposed never to sleep.

For Our Dumb Animals

THE GREVY ZEBRA

The picture of the Grevy Zebra shows the remarkable striping of this creature. It is somewhat interesting to me, as a few years ago I visited Abyssinia and brought a few specimens back with me as well as numerous other specimens.

The zebras had to be brought some thirty days' march overland to the coast, and I made a contract with the native rulers to guard them en route and deliver them safely at the coast. The methods of the Abyssinians rivaled a Gilbert & Sullivan comic opera, for when the bill was presented to me for this service I found items charged for the services of a lot of ceremonial hangers-on. For instance, there was one individual described as the "Grand Keeper of the Halter," who merely marched along with the animals and did no work whatever and whose presence was totally unnecessary. Each zebra had a guard of about ten men for protection at nighttime, principally from the onslaughts of lions which are very fond of a meal of zebra-flesh.

DR. CECIL FRENCH,

Washington, D. C.

GOOD CARE OF GOOD COWS

A herd of twenty-four full-blooded Jersey cows, worth \$75,000, is possessed by W. Kelsey Schoepf, of Glendale Ohio. To protect them from flies, he puts a coat on each animal, and to insure good health and good milk he cleans their teeth three times a day.

Mrs. Jones—"This milk looks suspiciously blue."

Dealer—"Madam, my cows were raised in the blue-grass region of old Kentucky."—*Woman's Journal*.

A WINTER SONG

All snug and warm,
Safe from the storm,
The kine in sheltered stalls are lowing;
And here we find
Their keeper kind,
A wealth of care and feed bestowing.
No angry word
Nor shout is heard;
His kick or cuff is here a stranger.
Their knee-deep beds
Of straw he spreads;
Fair measure fills each trough and manger.
He pets them all,
From stall to stall;
And while he sings and whistles gayly,
With stool and pails,
He never fails
To reap a goodly harvest daily.
Though snow and sleet
May swirl and beat,
While wintry winds are rudely blowing,
Warmth, care and feed
Meet every need,
And fill the pail to overflowing.

—Successful Farming.

DOG GAVE LIFE FOR CHILD

A little dog recently saved the life of Arthur Croteau, Jr., the three-year-old child of Arthur Croteau, the station agent at Edgewood, Mass. The child was playing in the street in front of his home when an automobile approached. Nearly opposite the Croteau house the car became unmanageable and swerved up on the lawn.

The machine was headed for the boy, when the dog jumped upon him, knocking the child out of harm's way.

When the machine had passed and the dust had cleared away, the child was picked up unhurt, but the dog lay dead.—Boston Herald.

Every kind and generous deed makes kindness easier for the human race.

WILLIAM H. P. FAUNCE.



WAPITI

BUILDING FUND STEADILY GROWING

One Hundred and Twenty-three Contributions Received Last Month for Angell Memorial

From all parts of the country have come new gifts of varying amounts for the erection of a Memorial Building to Mr. Angell in Boston. Among many kind words received are the following:

In Memory of a Favorite Pet:

"In memory of our cat 'Affie,' who was with us for fifteen years, we send a Christmas contribution to the Angell Memorial fund, wishing you success in your noble work."

An Ohio Estimate of Mr. Angell:

"Enclosed please find my contribution to the Memorial fund. Mr. Angell, to my mind, was the greatest humanitarian of his time. I trust that his ideas will be carried out as nearly as possible in the erection of this Humane Building. I should like to be able to give more towards its building."

His Message in Minnesota:

"My first acquaintance with *Our Dumb Animals* was at a teachers' institute in Minnesota in 1891, since which I have looked upon it as one of my favorite papers and have done what I could to increase its circulation, especially among teachers and school children.

"I am heartily in sympathy with the plan of the Building which was for so long Mr. Angell's pet idea and ambition, and I enclose my humble contribution to the fund."

From a Reader in the Far West:

"I have pleasure in enclosing my check for the Angell Memorial fund, as a thanksgiving offering.

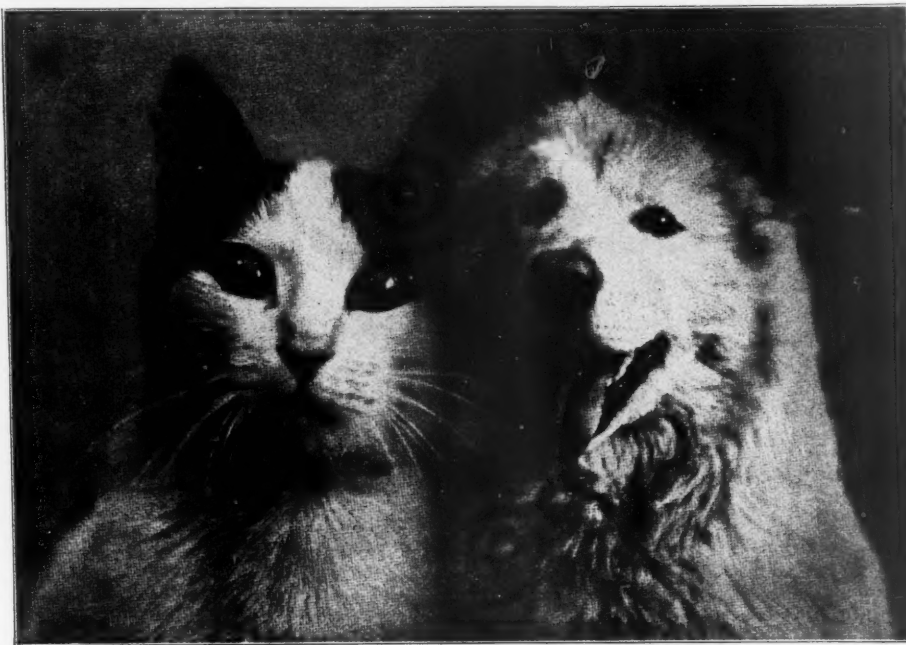
"Through the promptings of the late John Langdon Sibley, librarian of Harvard College, I have been reading *Our Dumb Animals* for years (since boyhood).

"My calling and environment bring me in contact with much animal suffering, but I have been taught and prompted to alleviate it all that I can."

RECEIPTS FROM NOV. 24 TO DEC. 20, 1909

Previously acknowledged	\$32,945.94
Miss Mary A. Case, Swansea, Mass.	100.00
Mrs. Elizabeth R. Stevens, Swansea, Mass.	100.00
Miss F. J. Randall, South Easton, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. Charlotte E. Gresham, Lynn, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. Elizabeth S. Burgess, Dedham, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. L. Traver, Newark, N. Y.	20.00
Miss M. W. Simpkins, Jamaica Plain, Mass.	10.00
Miss Jean L. Clemens, Redding, Conn.	5.00
Wm. A. Read, New Bedford, Mass.	25.00
Mrs. C. H. Meeker, Rahway, N. J.	5.00
Mrs. George M. DuBois, Canon City, Colo.	25.00
"A Friend," Watertown, N. Y.	100.00
Mrs. Herbert Beech, Boston, Mass.	50.00
Miss Mary Woodman, Cambridge, Mass.	50.00
Miss Lucy Fay, Fitchburg, Mass.	5.00
Joseph L. Bicknell, Boston, Mass.	5.00
Miss Frances H. G. Browne, Framingham, Mass.	5.00
Miss Emily C. Stearns, Springfield, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. D. D. Slade, Chestnut Hill, Mass.	5.00
Herbert Daly, Brighton, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Lucy A. Brown, Clinton, Mass.	1.00
Miss Florence H. Cowles, Pittsfield, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. L. D. Mack, Derby Line, Vt.	10.00
Miss Elizabeth H. Pearson, Dorchester, Mass.	5.00
E. D. Newcomb, South Hadley Falls, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. Viola E. Crittenden, Shelburne Falls, Mass.	2.00
R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.	100.00
Dr. Frank L. Poland, New Concord, Ohio	2.50
Miss A. W. Morrill, Boston, Mass.	5.00
Miss F. F. Carpenter, Boston, Mass.	1.00
Wm. D. Hunt, Brookline, Mass.	50.00
Miss S. A. Craft, W. Roxbury, Mass.	40.00
E. C. Breckenridge, Gansevoort, N. Y.	1.00
Mrs. Jennie E. Beaumont, Holden, Mass.	1.00
Miss Mary H. Perkins, Salem, Mass.	5.00
H. L. Brown, Springfield, Mass.	1.00
Miss Mary E. Hyde, Brookline, Mass.	10.00
John Legg, Worcester, Mass.	5.00
Miss Alice Dorthirt, Springfield, Ill.	1.00
Mrs. M. L. Harford, Springfield, Ill.	1.00
"A Friend"	\$25.00
Miss Louise W. Caldwell, Dorchester, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. F. H. Foster, Springfield, Mass.	1.00
Wm. C. Macy, New Bedford, Mass.	2.00
Gertrude E. T. Kearin, Great Barrington, Mass.	1.00
A. B. Emmons, Lawrence, Mass.	5.00
G. M. Mellen, Brookline, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. S. C. Dyer, Spencer, Mass.	1.00
Rufus B. Fowler, Worcester, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. Lydia A. Putney, Lexington, Mass.	10.00
Wm. A. Foss, East Boston, Mass.	10.00
C. H. Newcomb, Winchester, Mass.	1.00
E. Metcalf, Toledo, Ohio	2.00
Mrs. J. R. Beck, Taunton, Mass.	2.00
J. Robinson, New York, N. Y.	1.25
Mrs. C. G. Washburn, Worcester, Mass.	25.00
Oliver I. Kimball, in memory of Mrs. Mary A. Kimball, Newton Centre, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. James H. Beal, Boston, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. R. H. Cummings, Hortonville, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Mary F. Burbank, Worcester, Mass.	1.00
W. H. Smith, Springfield, Mass.	10.00
Miss Sarah M. Allen, E. Northfield, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. Joseph A. Baker, Fall River, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. A. L. Frye, Marlboro, Mass.	2.00
B. M. Bean, Valentine, Mont.	5.00
J. G. Chandler, Malden, Mass.	100.00
C. H. Burrage, Boston, Mass.	1.00
Rev. T. J. A. Fitz Gerald, Worcester, Mass.	2.00
Miss Ora A. Derby, Cortland, N. Y.	1.00
Miss Margaret Farrel, Worcester, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Wm. Andrews, St. Lambert, P. Q.	1.00
A. Fowler-Noble, M. D., Westfield, Mass.	1.00
L. O. Norris, Methuen, Mass.	1.00
Geo. C. Beals, Boston, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. E. B. Judd, Easthampton, Mass.	1.00
A. F. Estabrook, Boston, Mass.	25.00
H. S. Eaton, Westfield, Mass.	5.00
E. C. Putnam, Millbury, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Ellen L. Campbell, Lincoln, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. Lucy A. Stevens, North Andover, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. J. M. Farnum, Uxbridge, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. J. Crocker, Uxbridge, Mass.	1.00
Miss F. C. Brown, Fall River, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. B. B. Gardner, Swansea, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. John M. Harlow, Woburn, Mass.	10.00
Miss H. S. Tolman, Boston, Mass.	5.00
"A Friend," Boston, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. E. R. Gould, North Billerica, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. W. H. Furber, Newton, Mass.	10.00
"E. S. C.," Boston, Mass.	10.00
"A. H.," Boston, Mass.	10.00
Miss M. J. Carr, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00
George G. Crocker, Boston, Mass.	25.00
Hon. Clement B. Penrose, Germantown, Pa.	25.00
Mrs. G. E. Lester, Springfield, Mass.	1.00
Richard B. Carter, Newtonville, Mass.	5.00
S. S. Hopkins, Williamstown, Mass.	2.00
Miss Harriet R. Pease, Greenfield, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. Eliza P. Gibbons, Cambridge, Mass.	5.00
John A. Hawley, Shelburne Falls, Mass.	1.00
Miss Caroline M. Martin, Dover, N. H.	20.00
R. Goodhind, South Lee, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. F. A. Langmaid, Salem, Mass.	2.00
John H. Hewitt, Williamstown, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. A. E. Harris, Providence, R. I.	5.00
Thomas Field, Boring, Oregon	1.00
Franklin Perrin, Cambridge, Mass.	3.00
Mrs. Newton Gross, Concord, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Mary B. Hazelton, Wellesley Hills, Mass.	5.00
Miss Alice M. Bunker, New York, N. Y.	1.00
Lorenzo Griswold, Griswoldville, Mass.	1.00
Miss Mary E. Greene, Fitchburg, Mass.	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harlow, Shrewsbury, Mass.	3.00
William E. Keith, M. D., San Jose, Cal.	10.00
William A. Robinson, New Bedford, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. Belle L. Boutwell, Lyndeboro, N. H.	10.00
Christopher Clarke, Northampton, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. Charles E. DeWolf, Liverpool, Eng.	25.00
Mrs. Henry E. Robbins, Princeton, Mass.	1.00
J. P. Rand, M. D. Worcester, Mass.	2.00
Rev. Cecil R. Sherman, Charlton City, Mass.	4.00
Mrs. Albert Todd, Daytona Beach, Fla.	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Piper, "In memory of our cat Affie," Cambridge, Mass.	10.00
Total	\$34,277.69
Additional pledges received	197.00

SW 475



HAPPY NEW YEAR

Courtesy of the Christian Family

IN MEMORY OF "DUKE"

Southern Woman's Noble Use of Money Received for Loss of Pet

Editor Our Dumb Animals:

Shall I tell you a pathetic story? Over a year ago we had a much-loved Boston terrier, "Duke," needlessly and cruelly killed by a railroad conductor. To compensate us in the only way it could, the road paid us seventy-five dollars.

What could we do with it? Certainly not use it in any way for ourselves, our hearts were already too sore.

As an inspiration, there came in the night, Why not use it for humane literature in our public libraries?

This we have done. In our largest library (for whites), a desk has been placed across the front of which in gold letters is printed, "The Duke Memorial." Each book and leaflet placed therein is similarly marked.

With the money that is left we are putting books and leaflets, some of which we are ordering from you now, in the colored public school library, all to be marked in the same way.

My hope is that the teachers may become interested, so deeply interested that they will find time to instruct the children, white and colored, along humane lines.

In much sympathy for you in your noble work,
Very respectfully,

MRS. G. B. HARRISON,

Glasgow, Mo.

RIGHTS OF THE DOG

In commenting on the injustice of denying dogs their freedom, because a few of their number occasionally worry and perhaps kill a few sheep, the Washington Herald says:

The dog is traditionally the friend of man. He is faithful in good times and in bad, and is cherished because of his fidelity and affection. He is socialistic in his views of real estate for his personal enjoyment, even though he may guard against intrusion of his master's premises. The normal dog is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of his happiness. His entire race is not to be tied to a kennel because it includes some bad specimens. Moreover, does not the shepherd dog atone for some of the sins of his kindred?

For Our Dumb Animals

NANSEN AND HIS DOGS

We read of the North and South Pole expeditions extolling the courage and ambition of the brave explorers, but few of us bear in grateful remembrance the extreme sufferings endured by the four-footed participants in those fierce journeys without whom attempted discoveries would be impossible. The tribute which Nansen pays to his dumb companions as well as the sympathetic description which in his famous book, "Farthest North," he accords them will touch the heart of all dog-lovers:

"It was," he says, "undeniable cruelty to the poor animals from first to last, and one must often look back upon it with horror. It makes me shudder even now when I think of how we beat them mercilessly with thick ash sticks, when hardly able to move they stopped from sheer exhaustion.

"It made one's heart bleed to see them, but we turned our eyes away and hardened ourselves.

"It was necessary, forward we must go and to this end everything else must give place. It is the sad part of expeditions of this kind that one systematically kills all better feelings until only hard-hearted egoism remains.

"When I think of all those splendid animals, toiling for us without a murmur as long as they could move a muscle, never getting any thanks or even so much as a kind word, daily writhing under the lash until the time came that they could do no more and death freed them from their pangs; when I think of how they were left behind, one by one, up there on those desolate ice-fields which had been witness to their faithfulness and devotion—I have moments of bitter self-reproach."

New York City.

G. KENDALL,

That the current of thought today is setting powerfully in the direction of sympathy for dumb animals, all of us who think have discovered. Never has literature been so alive with it. Never has the press been so alert with it. Never has philanthropy so quivered with it. Never has popular interest so leaned to it.

E. S. PHELPS WARD.

RELIGIOUS DOGS

Two remarkable dogs whose owner, Rev. J. T. Wightman, declares possessed religious natures and were loved and treated as members of the family, are thus described by Dr. Wightman in the Baltimore Sun:

"We had two dogs in our family whose instincts seemed to possess immortal longings. One, a large, black Newfoundland, with silken hair parted over her back; her eyes bright hazel, with her face serene and beautiful. "She romped with children, but her bark was the roar of a young lion. Every morning she met me for a salutation at the back steps. On one occasion she had lost a pup and I found it laid on the step and she the picture of distress. I spoke to her in sympathy, as to any own mother, and she seemed to appreciate the tones. My son buried the pup in the garden. She followed the little one, watched the opening grave and the burial. My son said she wept. Next morning I found the pup laid again on the step. She seemed to think something was wrong, and had brought it back for me to assure her that the little babe was really dead. I spoke to her in sympathy and it seemed to quiet her trouble. In an after litter one died and my son called, 'Dell is burying her pup!' We stood on the porch and saw the sagacious mother dig a grave with her nose, deposit her pup and cover the body. Had she caught the meaning of death? Came there a ray of immortality on the mind of the distressed mother?"

"Our second pet was a beautiful chestnut collie with the calm face of an angel. Her eyes were full of confidence. She was a member of the family almost ten years, and there was no child of the house more respectful, decent and obedient in all things. At a tap on the window pane she would cease barking at midnight. She had a religious spirit. Never showed temper and was most beautifully submissive. No one spoke an unkind word to her, but she observed like a lady all the proprieties of the house, never cross or purloining, but returned with grateful looks every recognition of her presence. She seemed to keep the Ten Commandments more faithfully than any member of the family, to do all but pray; and her sweet submissive spirit, her gentle manners, her expressions of love composed a religious character worthy of emulation.

"While she respected all, even the servants, she was loyal to but one. She lived in the light of my son's eye and no lady evinced more pride in the presence of her knight. She knew the names of all and would wake the boys for breakfast by a kiss on their hand. The little children hugged and kissed her on the side-walks, but if too rude she would go off from them without snapping. Her judgment in matters of propriety was marvellous. Her most conspicuous trait was innocence. She was harmless and of perfectly clean habits. She would lie down only where madam told her.

"Beautifully confiding, she would rest at her feet during a thunderstorm, which she dreaded. All respected her as a daughter of the house. She took medicine as a good child and even lifted her head for her master to drop caustic in her eye. Her death was beautiful. Shall it be said religious? Calm, patient, without a struggle, with her eyes turned toward my son, she closed her life. Her memory is embalmed in the tears of the family, and if there be paradise for good creatures a religious Dell is there. She was buried in flowers that grew over her yard-house."

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

"BILLY"

San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Sir:

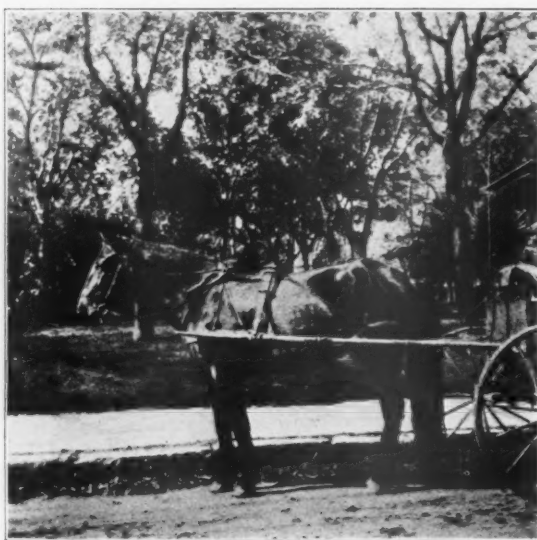
I am sending you a snapshot of "Billy," the horse owned by the San Antonio Humane Society and in service since organization in April, 1901.

Billy has seen much suffering, like all of us who give our time and thought to humane work. Very often he stands quietly by, while a suffering companion is put mercifully to rest. In July of this year, Billy was taken to the pasture for a rest. When he was sent for, he was found taking care of a crippled old horse. When any of the other horses came near, he would drive them away. Do you suppose his long training in humane work has enabled him to understand when dumb animals are in need of protection? It would seem so.

Billy is an intelligent horse with a kindly disposition.

ZULA LEE McCAULEY,
Secretary.

The San Antonio Humane Society.



FAITHFUL OLD "BILLY"

GOLDEN RULE OF TEAMSTERS**Heavy Loads and Slippery Hills Cause Them to Help Each Other**

A large truck, laden with boxes of merchandise for an uptown store, became too much for the team pulling it yesterday afternoon on the snowy hillside on Bluff street just above the Bluff street bridge over the railroad tracks. The driver spoke encouragingly to his horses. They tried and they tried, but the load was heavy and the street was too slippery for a foothold. They could not move the truck another foot. Down the street from the opposite direction a driver, whistling on the high seat of an empty wagon, stopped his horses when he saw the plight of the truck horses. No word was spoken by either driver, but the one with the empty wagon turned his horses, unhitched and hooked a heavy chain to the tongue of the truck. Then with a shout both teams with the loaded truck moved slowly up Bluff street.

"They always have helped each other," the owner of a large transfer business explained. "It's an unwritten law, and it's the best evidence that a good teamster has a feeling for his horses. But somehow I have observed more of that kind of spirit since the snow fell this week."—*Kansas City Star*.

HATS OFF TO THE MULE

I know the mule is much maligned by many who talk and write about him, but there is no animal that is easier to handle if treated kindly. Not long ago I was talking to a successful grower of mules, who said that he would rather break a team of mules than a team of horses, the mules being not nearly so nervous, and steadier goers. Kindness is his policy in dealing with them. There is no doubt that the mule is as susceptible to decent treatment as any other animal, and it is not necessary for a man to be armed with a club when driving a span of mules. I have seen mules, whose dispositions had not been warped by brutal treatment, so dependable that the owner was able to drop the lines at any time and do whatever work he had in hand without fear of their running or raising a disturbance. So I take off my hat to the mule whether he be from Missouri or any other state in the Union, for he is the farmer's friend, his burden-bearer, and a money-maker wherever you put him.

W. D. NEALE,
in *Farm and Fireside*.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

NEEDLESS HARNESS**Disadvantages of Blinders and Checkreins as Used on Many Horses**

Horses are placing mankind daily under everlasting obligations to them, says Secretary Pershing of the South Bend, Indiana, Humane Society, but how cruelly and thoughtlessly are they repaid by those who are most indebted to them. A horse is a noble animal; patient, kind-hearted, self-sacrificing, willing to work till he dies in his tracks, uncomplaining; a lover of kind treatment and who is willing to work a whole lifetime with no other compensation than his bed and board.

Of the many things which make the daily life of a horse miserable, two are blinders and the tight checkrein, the worst parts of a horse's harness. Very many people believe that they are part and parcel of a horse and that he would not be a horse without them.

The majority of horses could readily dispense with blinders, and all could if they had never been invented. Blinders were first used by a nobleman in England to hide a defect on his horse's head and later they were found excellent locations for the displaying of his coat-of-arms.

A horse's head was never intended for blinders, for his eyes are so set in his head that he can see behind him without turning his head and, of course, the blinders deprive him of seeing the very things he should see, for his own safety as well as his driver's. A horse's eye is a beautiful object and it is a shame to cover it.

Whenever I see a man driving a horse without blinders I always feel like stopping him and shaking hands with him. A horse's head is the best part of him and should have on it as little harness as possible.

Another instrument of torture to a horse is the tight checkrein. It is responsible for poll-evil, abscesses, sprung knees, paralysis and disorders of the brain and muscles. It spoils his appearance and detracts from his free and graceful movements.

HORSELESS AGE NOT YET

The horse is in no more peril of extinction by the automobile than he is of being driven into oblivion by the airship. We are no nearer to the horseless age than we are to the manless age. The two creatures began business in partnership before the dawn of civilization and will continue together at the old stand down to the end of time.—*Horseman and Spirit of the Times*.

For Our Dumb Animals

SONG OF THE DEATH-WAGON

(These verses are dedicated to the common people, who think they have some rights on the streets and highways, and may, if they choose, ride in horse carriages or go on foot.)

I'm the grand juggernaut of this millionaire age;
I snort over the land like a demon in rage:
All the pure air I taint with my poisonous breath,
And I reap, as I run, a rich harvest of death!

When I scorch down the street on my every-day tour,

Beware of my prowess, ye lowly and poor;
For I scorn the vile earth and its vile, plodding kind,

And I leave the sweet scent of my scorning behind.

Then I turn to "good roads" that the ranchers have made,

Leading out far away 'neath the green, rural shade;
Think the ranchers have rights, like their fathers of old

On highways to towns where their products are sold?

When they hear my "honk! honk!" on the public highway,

They just hike to tall timber, and right there they stay

Till I pass in a cloud—my own exquisite breath;
I'm the steed of the proud, the joy-wagon of Death!

Everett, Wash.

R. K. BEECHAM,

FOR CAB HORSES' COMFORT**Berlin Policeman Invents Something Better than the Nosebag**

The cab horse has to eat while at work. That is, while waiting on duty. The stifling nosebag is objectionable. A policeman in Berlin, Germany, Herr Christoph Reimer, has invented what the cabmen call the right thing.

The food bag is attached to the shafts of the vehicle by means of two iron rods bent at the proper angle, and the horse can eat his oats or other grain without having to put his head down to the ground.

A cabman in Friedrichstrasse said:

"This food bag certainly has its advantages. Some horses continually throw their oats out by shaking their heads, but the new scheme will prevent that. Furthermore, when using the ordinary nosebag, a cabman is obliged frequently to change the lengths of the reins and straps in order to make it possible for his horse to reach his food. This will not be necessary with the new invention."

—*World's Chronicle*.

LO, THE HORSE

In the midst of the present extravaganza of automobile and aeroplane racing it is refreshing to take notice, occasionally, of the horse. Witness the feat of an Illinois horse who belongs to a mail carrier. He has traveled twenty-six miles a day for twenty-two months, or a total of over 17,000 miles.

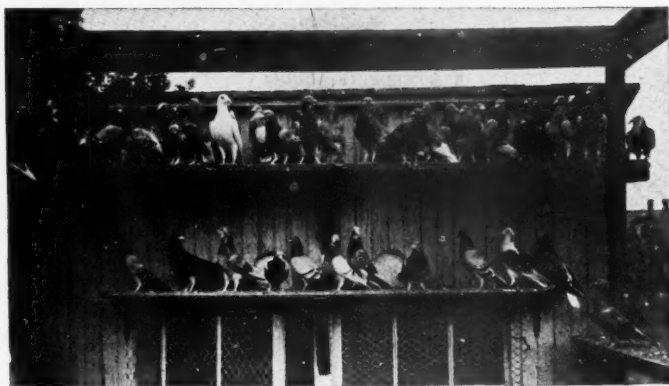
It is impressive to note that in all this distance this horse did not puncture a tire, lose a bolt, wear out a bearing, foul a spark plug or run out of gasoline ten miles from home. Moreover, he did not once exceed a speed limit, run over a hog or skid on a corner.

His chauffeur never killed his engine on a hill, nor did he have to get out after an hour or two and crank him from in front. The horse climbed every hill, and pulled through every mudhole, and at the end of the 17,000 miles his owner did not find that it would cost about \$100 to replace his bearings, rebuild his magneto, and take the carbon out of his cylinders.

Truly, the horse may be humble, but there is much comfort in him.—*Aurora Beacon*.

A \$280,000 HORSE

The most valuable horse in the world is said to be Bayardo, an English three-year-old, whose owner cares more for the horse than money, having recently refused an offer of \$280,000.



Courtesy of American Cultivator

TWENTY-FIVE PAIRS OF PIGEONS (ONE DRAGOON)

PIGEONS IN HISTORY

Doubtless you admire the pretty, graceful creatures that perch upon the eaves of your house, or daintily trip across your yard, but did you ever think what a factor they have been in the history of the world?

Pigeons, as commonplace as they appear, are characters of antiquity. We hear of them when the waters of the Deluge covered the face of the earth, when the faithful dove flew from the hand of Noah and returned to her master, bearing the significant olive branch. Dove is the Anglo-Saxon name; pigeon, the Norman name.

During the fifth Egyptian dynasty, three thousand years before Christ, it was the fashion to domesticate pigeons, and to train them as carriers and messengers. The promptness with which Caesar was informed of the rebellions in Gaul, and thereby enabled to cross the Alps before those uprisings could possess the entire province, was due to the use of carrier pigeons. In the Crusades these birds were skilful and faithful messengers.

The price of a handsome pair of pigeons in ancient Rome was not a trifle, for Axius, a Roman knight, once sold a pair of pigeons for forty denarii—about thirteen pounds in English money, and about sixty-five dollars in our currency. At that time, too, they were by far the swiftest conveyers of news, and were much in demand at the celebration of the Olympic games.

Among the many pathetic incidents connected with the imprisonment of Mary Queen of Scots, she begs earnestly for a pigeon, and writes in a letter: "I beg you to procure for me some pigeons. I wish to rear them in cages; it will be such a pastime for a prisoner."—*The Household*.

BIRD THAT WAS FORGOTTEN



It was Mary Elizabeth's little bird, and it was Mary Elizabeth who said to him over and over, "Sing a happy song, little bird." In summer, while the cage hung on the porch out doors, many a man and woman smiled when they heard the happy song of that little bird. In winter, sad-looking friends who came to call sometimes forgot the troubles that made them sad when they heard the wee pet's bubbling song. It did seem as if that particular bird would never be forgotten.

There came a time, however, when Mary Elizabeth went to Europe with her father and mother. She couldn't take the bird. A neighbor who had no cats offered to keep him until Mary Elizabeth's return. Before the child sailed, she gave her pet a bit of advice:

"Always sing a happy song, little bird."

At first it was easy for the little bird to sing a happy song; but one day his kind friend was obliged to leave town for a week,

and he was left with strangers who promised to take good care of him.

"Always sing a happy song, little bird," were the last words the neighbor said at parting.

Soon after there was a children's entertainment in the church, to which birds were invited. Mary Elizabeth's pet was taken in his cage, and of all the glad songs that day his was the sweetest. He enjoyed the entertainment thoroughly, and when night came he tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep without fear. He didn't know, poor little fellow, that the child who brought him lent him to her dearest friend to take home and keep for five days; neither did he know that one by one the birds were taken from the church, and he was forgotten.

Next morning the little bird awoke, sang a happy song, ate his breakfast, and sang a happy song. His cage was in a pew where a little girl had left him. The bird couldn't see the sunshine streaming through stained glass windows, but while waiting for his bath he sang a happy song. No one came to give the little bird his bath, so he sang another happy song.

This is the part of the story Mary Elizabeth never liked to think of for a minute: how the little bird sang until his seed was gone and the water in his cup; how two days passed and the little fellow tucked his head under his wing, and knew that he was forgotten.

The third day the organist came to practice on the pipe organ. The little bird lifted his head when music pealed through the church. He had never heard anything like it,—so sweet, so solemn. When it was over the weak little bird must have remembered Mary Elizabeth's advice:

"Sing a happy song, little bird."

As the organist was passing to the outer door she heard a happy song. And Mary Elizabeth's pet was found before it was too late. The organist had known Mary Elizabeth since she was a baby, so of course she recognized the brave little bird, who was never again forgotten.

Mary Elizabeth is a big girl in high school now, but when she is discouraged, and everything seems to go wrong, she remembers the advice she used to give a wee canary.

FRANCES MARGARET FOX,
in *Sunday School Times*.

BIRDS RETALIATE

The other day, at Vineland, N. J., a woman missed some old and valuable lace that had been spread on the grass to dry. Hearing a great commotion in a house occupied by cat-birds, she investigated and found a fierce fight going on for possession of bits of the lace for nest trimming, as though in retaliation for use of bird plumage in millinery.—*Wagoner (Okla.) Lantern*.

For Our Dumb Animals

WINTER FRIENDS

O winter is a dreary time,
When all is ice and snow;
The robins and the orioles
To sunnier regions go,
The bluebirds and the bobolinks
Their way to Southland wing,
And all the feathered minstrels say,
"Good-bye, good-bye till spring!"
But there remain three faithful friends,
Less musical, I know,
Yet staunch and true—the staring owl,
The blue jay and the crow.

The blue jay is a saucy bird,
But oh, I love to hear,
When skies are bleak with snow and sleet,
His strident voice so queer,
And when I see him darting down
To snatch the crumbs I throw,
It seems as though a bit of sky
Had dropped upon the snow—
A bit of bright blue summer sky,
A sight that brings good cheer,
When Boreas whistles on the moor,
And frozen is the mere.

The crow is quite unprincipled—
Or so the farmers say—
But he is such a merry chap,
Blithe, debonaire, and gay,
In winter's gloom he is, I trow,
The very life of things,—
The soul of mirth set free to roam
On jet-black shining wings;
And when I grieve to hear no more
The robin's roundelay,
In clear staccato comes "Caw, caw!"
From out the woodland way.

Among the pines the staring owl,
In meditation wise
Sits moodily the whole day long
With winking, blinking eyes,
But when the sun sinks in the west,
Against the big round moon
He spreads his wings the while he sings
His weird and solemn tune.
A strange, mysterious bird is he,
And with him Romance flies
On picturesque and silent wing
Across the winter skies.

So grieve no more for summer friends,
They'll sure come back again;
Three feathered friends, tried, staunch, and true,
Still loyally remain
To give the landscape life and cheer—
A funny trio they,
Whose strident voices make us smile
This dreary winter's day.
Scorn not their songs unmusical—
In winter's voice they sing,
As through the storms and howling gales
They roam on valiant wing—
The saucy jay whose roundelay
Is "To-roo! loo-roo! loo!"
And that queer pair who hoarsely cry,
"Caw, caw!" "To-whit! to-who!"

LOUELLA C. POOLE.



In winter feed the birds.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

Boston, January, 1910

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary, 19 Milk Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are given on the last page. All who send subscriptions or remittances are respectfully asked to examine our report of receipts, which is published each month, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, to kindly notify us.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere, but they should first apply for proper authorisation. Liberal commissions will be given.

TEACHERS may receive the paper for one year at the special price of twenty-five cents.

BACK NUMBERS of *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only, are for sale in small or large quantities at greatly reduced prices. They are specially adapted for distribution at fairs and exhibits of all kinds.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of the twenty-two thousand, five hundred newspapers and magazines published on this continent north of Mexico.

PRIZE COMPETITION

Attention of all readers is directed to our prize offer for original manuscripts and photographs, as published on another page. We are continually in receipt of manuscripts of varying length and quality, but in order to show many contributors just what matter is most acceptable to *Our Dumb Animals*, and to stimulate others to write in behalf of our cause, we have arranged for this contest.

If those of our readers who may not be interested personally will kindly hand their papers to friends who may be, and call attention to the fact that *Our Dumb Animals* is offering cash prizes for essays, stories, anecdotes, and pictures, they will be doing a service both to us and to those who may so be led to enter the contest. We anticipate a large number of entries in all the classes, each month, and feel sure that every reader of the paper will watch the outcome with interest.

While the manuscripts that receive awards will become the property of the American Humane Education Society, which gives the prizes, the papers in which the articles are published will be sent to every editor in North America, north of Mexico with full permission to reprint any or all of them.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Eighty-five thousand copies of the December issue of *Our Dumb Animals* were printed and distributed widely over the continent. Of the eighteen thousand extra copies that were sold, one thousand went to the San Francisco S. P. C. A. for distribution outside of their membership in that city; four hundred and seventy-five were ordered for use in the public schools of Rockland, Maine; a thousand were directed to be sent to the members of the Louisiana State S. P. C. A. in New Orleans; while the South Bend Humane Society paid for over three hundred copies to go to all the teachers and school officials in St. Joseph county, Indiana. The other orders came from many individuals in twenty-one different states.

HORSES AND MEN

Study of the relation between the total length of life and the time required to reach maturity has brought about an interesting comparison between men and horses. A horse at five years is said to be, comparatively, as old as a man at twenty, and may be expected to behave, according to equine standards, after the manner of the average college student following human standards. A ten-year-old horse resembles, so far as age and experience go, a man of forty, while a horse which has attained the ripe age of thirty-five is comparable with a man of ninety years.

BOSTON FIRE DEPARTMENT

If we were to point to but one institution in Boston, as an illustration of the results of careful treatment of animals, probably we would make no mistake in singling out the city fire department. As we write, out of four hundred and five horses in the whole Boston fire department there are only three temporarily unfit for active duty.

Last month a new step was taken by the city in the interests of these noble animals, when a handsome horse ambulance was purchased and installed for the exclusive use of the department. Hitherto the services of the ambulance of a private hospital were relied upon, but this was found to be an expense of several hundred dollars annually.

The new ambulance, as shown on our front page, is of the most improved type, furnished with every appliance for handling horses quickly and as comfortably as possible. It is kept at the department's veterinary hospital. Convalescent horses will be attached to it to respond to the relief of suffering ones.

The fire department officials of Boston have always been among our most valued allies, ever ready to respond to emergency calls where their ladders were indispensable to rescue work. We cannot say too much in praise of their care for horses. But someone says, "Yes, but it is business, not sentiment, that is the cause of this humane treatment." It is just this business side of the argument that we wish to urge. Not alone fire departments but large mercantile firms throughout the country are coming to find out that *it pays to be kind to horses and all other animals that serve us.*

PROGRESS IN ITALY

In a letter to Mrs. Angell, dated Naples, Italy, Nov. 17, 1909, Princess Mele Barese writes:

"I am sure that you, too, would be interested in seeing what we are trying to do here on behalf of animals. There is a great awakening, it seems to me, on all sides with regard to the treatment of the last and lowest, and one can but thank God for it and strain every nerve to further the attainment of humane ideals."

A BIRD NORMAL SCHOOL

It has been repeatedly stated in *Our Dumb Animals* that man could not live on earth if there were no birds, and birds are decreasing in this country. The truth and importance of this assertion are fast coming to be widely recognized.

The birds have never had that protection which their great usefulness to man has merited. It has been carefully estimated that fifty million bird-lives have been sacrificed annually, so great has been the greed for their plumage alone for millinery purposes.

As a direct result of our wanton destruction we have so reduced the number of birds that those which survive are unable to cope with their natural enemies, the enemies of man as well.

Predatory and noxious insects against which the birds carry on continuous warfare, and which they would effectually check if given a fair chance, have increased to such an alarming extent that something more than laws for bird protection is necessary.

Instruction in the public schools about the birds in their relation to man is the need today, in order that the next generation may early learn the value of birds and be kept from continuing the shameful and costly slaughter of which their predecessors are guilty.

In line with the great movement which insists on the conservation of our natural resources, the National Association of Audubon Societies is exerting its influence in behalf of the birds. Its hope and aim now is to establish a university where teachers may be fitted to give instruction about birds.

SYMPATHY FOR THE HORSE

War Veteran Finds a Sermon in the Illustration on Our December Cover

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

When your December number of *Our Dumb Animals* came with that picture of four smart, bright, good-looking and intelligent fellows on the first page, I decided at once to tell you what I think of that family whom those four represent so well. See the intelligence in their eyes, and how little short of "We wish you a Merry Christmas" is it! Actions and looks without words convey a meaning that it would be well for us to earnestly study, and it might prove exceedingly profitable to us pretentious wise ones who are favored with articulate language.

I never had a horse that I could call my own; I was never nearer to it than my army experience, but in that transient ownership I saw the nobility of that animal; the pride that he had in his ability to serve in carrying me on his back; his willingness to obey my every desire; and his intelligence to quickly perceive by word or slight movement of hand on the rein just what was needed, whether to stand, to canter, or run on the furious gallop, or quickly stop or slow up. Could any one who talks understand quicker or do it better and safer? We do not understand nor fully appreciate the dumb tribes yet. It would be much better for us if we had their patience, their devotion, and their willingness to accommodate and serve others.

It seems very strange that people who are employed to drive and work horses should have so little thought of their needs and requirements. It really seems, at times, as if the drivers were not as intelligent as the horses. Drivers like other people have their off days, when from some reason they do not feel as robust as they would like. But how many horses, who do not feel ready for a full day of hard work either at running or hauling, are so little understood that they are expected to do every day alike! Horsemen should know that horses may feel faint from the same causes that they themselves do, and may desire a few minutes of standing for recuperation just the same as people who have long walks to take will sit for a few moments on the way, and they may desire a second drink of water. For lack of these attentions, no doubt, many horses fall on the street. If we fall from such causes we are tenderly cared for and nursed; but when a horse falls on the street who ever thinks that it may be from faintness, and will allow the animal to rest quietly for a few minutes until he is rested, and loosen the harness as a help to his recovery instead of expecting him to rise immediately?

It would not be too effeminate, and it might prove profitable, if in the morning a man should say to his horse, "How do you feel today?" If the horse should prick up his ears and stand straighter, all right, but one might read in those beautiful great eyes, "I do not feel as well as usual and would be glad if you would be a little easy with me, and I will try and make it up to you."

CHAS. A. S. TROUP,

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

OUR PAPER IN SWEDEN

A good friend, who has been sending *Our Dumb Animals* to a young lady in Vexio, Sweden, has received this note of appreciation:

"I must express my thanks for your great kindness of sending an unknown girl all these nice papers, which I value much as I love animals and am very interested in them. It is gladdening to know that humanity has taken such obvious expressions in America: one needs no more affirmation that it is an advancing nation in this world's highest sense. I am glad to say that my country, too, is considered to have reached a place of rank in this point of view."

Kindness to Every Living Creature



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, March, 1868
HON. HENRY B. HILL, President pro tem.
and Treasurer;

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

Prosecuting Agents in Boston

JAMES R. HATHAWAY, Special Agent;
THOMAS LAGLAN, CHARLES F. CLARK,
GEO. W. SPLAINE, FRANK G. PHILLIPS,
JOSEPH M. RUSSELL, HARRY L. ALLEN.

Correspondence is solicited from any part of Massachusetts direct to the central office, 19 Milk Street, Boston, but it is essential that particulars be given accurately, with names, addresses or team numbers of offending drivers or owners.

The Society has local agents in practically every city and town in the state, but maintains district agents with headquarters as follows:

Where to Report Complaints

Berkshire, Hampden, and Hampshire Counties—
DEXTER A. ATKINS, Springfield, 31 Elm Street,
Room 327. Tel. 828-11.

Franklin and Worcester Counties—ROBERT L.
DYSON, Worcester, 142 June Street. Tel. 2758-12.
Dukes, Nantucket, Barnstable, and Bristol Counties—
HENRY A. PERRY, Mansfield. Tel. 153.

Plymouth, Norfolk, Middlesex, Essex and Suffolk
Counties—Cases are attended to by agents of the
Society having their headquarters at the central office,
19 Milk Street, Boston. Tel. Main 1226.

Ambulance Always Ready

Someone is on duty at the main office at every hour
of the day or night, including Sundays and holidays,
and the ambulance for sick or disabled horses can always
be had by calling Richmond 572; or our Massachusetts
Society, Main 1226.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges
for its use, but in emergency cases, where they are unable
to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of
the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon
that of a police officer or Society agent.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for the protection of birds under our
Massachusetts laws.
- (2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere
from docking and tight checkreins.

PRIZES FOR EVIDENCE

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals hereby offers:

- (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society
to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the
practice of vivisection.
- (2) \$25 for evidence to convict of a violation of the
law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections
in our public schools.
- (3) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massa-
chusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be
mutilated for life by docking.
- (4) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of
\$5 each, for evidence to convict of a violation of the
laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird
or taking eggs from its nest.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS

It is necessary once more to call attention
to the fact that we can pay no attention to
messages from anonymous writers, whether
they make complaints or not. We must have
the names of complainants as a guarantee of
good faith, but they will not be used in our
investigations except with full permission.

There is only one kind of anonymous letter
that is welcome in our offices, and that is the
one which contains an enclosure of funds to
help our work. We will very gladly credit
"Anonymous" with any amount he may
choose to send, and ask no questions.

OUR HUMANE BUILDING

We want a humane building large enough
for our own purposes and to enable us to let
portions of it to other humane societies of
our city and state. GEO. T. ANGELL.

November, 1902.

OUR WORK OF MERCY

At the December meeting of the directors
of the American Humane Education Society
and the Massachusetts Society for the Pre-
vention of Cruelty to Animals, held this fore-
noon, President Hill reported that the prose-
cuting agents of the Massachusetts Society,
in their investigation of complaints during the
month, examined 4,495 animals, took 98
horses from work, and mercifully killed 247
horses and other animals.

A gift of \$100 from "A New York Friend"
was received by the American Humane Edu-
cation Society.

Boston, December 15, 1909.

FIRE HORSE GETS PENSION

Having rounded out twenty-five years of
service in the Brookline, Massachusetts, fire
department, "Dick," a handsome white horse,
was retired with honors and a pension on
Christmas day, which also marked his thirtieth
birthday. His retirement was ordered not
because of any infirmity, for he is still sound
and mettlesome, but because he had earned
a rest and also because the fire chief has
decided to ride to fires for a time in an auto-
mobile.

Dick's pension is a guarantee for life of a
soft litter, needful exercise, and three square
meals a day.

SPANIEL SAVED DROWNING BOY

An eight-months old cocker spaniel in
Lynn, Massachusetts, showed himself a hero
by saving his young master from drowning,
and today is the idol of the whole community.
When Everett Webster, a boy of eight years,
had gone through the thin ice on Flax pond,
the brave little dog jumped in after him and
made desperate efforts to keep him from
sinking. Though carried under several times
the plucky little dog held on until he succeeded
in attracting the attention of the boy's older
brother who hurried to the scene and hauled
the half-drowned lad to safety.

HIGH CLIMB TO SAVE BIRD

Michael Splaine, a young man of Danvers,
Massachusetts, performed a daring humane
act that merited and received praise from
all who saw it, says the Salem *Evening News*.

A pigeon that appeared to have been snared,
had escaped with a portion of the twine
fastened to it and in flying between the
branches of a tall elm tree in front of F. A.
Butler's store was again caught and held fast.
It was in a pitiable condition, with a prospect
of killing itself in its struggles or dying of
starvation.

No ladder would reach the bird and Mr.
Splaine climbed to the top of the great tree,
fully sixty feet from the ground, and liberated
the pigeon.

THIS HORSE NOT FOR SALE

Editor Geo. E. Brackett of the *Sea Breeze*,
Belfast, Maine, sends this write-up of how
one horse is treated in the Pine Tree State:

Capt. Frank Crockett of Dix Island, Muscle
Ridge Plantation, has a horse twenty-two
years old, which he calls John. According to
Capt. Frank, John is the fattest horse in
Maine; also one of the best. A few days ago
the captain was in Rockland and a man there
said to him: "What'll you take for old John?"
"Hain't for sale," replied Crockett, "he's goin'
t' die in my possession. He's just a big good
natured old farmer like I am. All he knows
is to be faithful and when I sing out for him
to go 'head, he'll settle into the collar and
pull every pound there is in him. Sometimes
I put my arms 'round his neck and say: 'John,
old feller, you've been a faithful friend to me
and you're goin' to stay with me to the end.'
I think he knows what I mean, too. No
one'll ever own John so long's Frank Crockett
is able to tread 'round Dix's Island."

"Blessed are the Merciful."

For Our Dumb Animals FOREST PROTECTION

Aided by a Rural Police for Massachusetts

A rural police for Massachusetts, who could
act both as deputy forest fire wardens, and
also give police protection to the property of
people whose residences are located on isolated
farms or at points distant from city or town
centers, is urgently needed. Such property is
now entirely unprotected, and liable to be
destroyed by tramps or local criminals, a
danger that has often been demonstrated
during the last few years upon isolated farms,
where murder, robbery, and destruction of
property have resulted mainly because no
protection whatever has been given. Under
these conditions it seems to me that it is high
time that legislative action should be taken
that will result in the establishment of a
state rural police, for the protection of the
lives and property of our rural citizens
throughout the state.

The late President Angell, of the Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,
was an earnest advocate of special rural police
protection, which he considered was of the
greatest importance in many ways.

Police protection of this kind would also
largely add to the value of all isolated farm
and forest lands, which many people would
purchase and develop, if they felt sure that
they were not to be kept in fear that their
lives and property might be destroyed,
either by wandering tramps or local danger-
ous persons.

Rural mail carriers could also be given
police authority so as to add daily protection.

A rural police using horses, cycles, or auto-
mobiles, for transportation, with well-trained
dogs, could cover and protect a large section
of territory at comparatively small cost, and
if this system should be inaugurated in this
state, we certainly could expect to add a large
number of the better class of rural inhabitants,
that are now so much to be desired in our
decadent towns, who would establish new
homes, that would add a very large amount
to the present valuation of rural land and
property, and reduce the cost of maintenance
of a rural police.

It is to be hoped that this matter will be
brought before our Legislature for action as
soon as possible.

I would suggest that, in order to very largely
reduce the cost of rural police protection, the
high sheriff of each county should have the
entire charge of the state rural police, acting
as chief, and deputy chiefs as supervisors, re-
ceiving a small salary or special fee for services
and expenses in making arrests.

Railroad track and telephone and telegraph
division superintendents could also be author-
ized to act as special state rural policemen
in guarding the forests and other property
adjoining their tracks or telephone or telegraph
lines located on county or state roads, with
power to act or summon aid in any county in
the state where they may be at work.

CHRISTOPHER CLARKE,
Northampton, Mass. City Forester.

RESCUE WORK IN PITTSBURGH

An organization was recently started in
Pittsburgh, the object of which is to furnish
food, shelter, and attention to lost, neglected,
and diseased dogs, cats, and horses. It is
intended to make this agency an efficient
ally to the local humane society.

NOT BATTLESHIPS BUT BREAD

If some of the millions now being expended
in preparation for wars that will never come,
were devoted to the making of good roads
and improving inland waterways, our vast
population would be better housed and better
fed, says the *Farm Journal*. It is clear that
it is not battleships this country needs but
better means of getting to market. This is
another subject to talk over with your con-
gressman when he solicits your vote.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated March, 1889.

The executive officers of the American Humane Education Society are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, printed on the preceding page.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL"

We have in our principal office (in a large frame and conspicuous position) the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

A RARE BOOK OFFER

In memory of Arioch Wentworth's munificent bequests in aid of humane work of our Societies, the American Humane Education Society will now distribute 100,000 copies of its most popular books, bound in heavy paper, pages 7 x 4½ inches, printed from clear type:

"Black Beauty" (264 pages)

"Strike at Shane's" (91 pages)

"Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst" (154 pp.)

in good editions at the nominal price of two and one-half cents per copy (half cost only) in lots of ten and upwards. Express or freight charges on an average order bring the net cost within three cents per copy.

Samples of all three sent upon receipt of ten cents to pay postage.

Orders from publishers, school authorities, booksellers, humane societies, institutions of every kind, both Catholic and Protestant, Sunday schools and Bands of Mercy, and the humanely disposed everywhere, will be filled at once by addressing the Secretary.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS

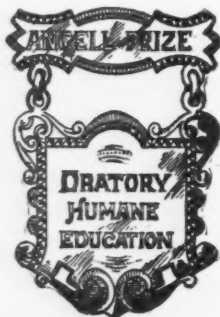
A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions. On the back is engraved "The American Humane Education Society."

The price is one dollar, postpaid, which is just what they cost us in quantities. Each is packed on purple velvet in a box suitable for mailing.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society, or Band of Mercy, or school, or Sunday school, or church, or library, or any other object preferred.



IN MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOLS

Our state organizer, Mr. A. Judson Leach, has already visited the public schools in nineteen cities and towns in Massachusetts since the opening of the school year, and organized six hundred and twenty-seven new Bands of Mercy.

TO HUMANE SOCIETIES

Subscriptions for *Our Dumb Animals* to be sent to the free public libraries of all the large towns and to Y. M. C. A. and other institutional libraries in Alameda county, California, were received recently from the Oakland S. P. C. A.

Humane societies throughout the country are realizing that the distribution of our paper each month is a good business proposition for the local organizations, apart from the moral good thus accomplished. We invite correspondence from societies with a view to supplying all their members with regular subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*.

OUR "MANUAL" IN OHIO

Principal W. S. Strickland of the Sherman school, Cincinnati, Ohio, who has recently organized new Bands of Mercy in twenty-one schoolrooms, writes us his opinion of the Humane Manual:

"I desire to thank you for the copy of the Humane Manual, used in Massachusetts schools last April, and also to say that I esteem it so highly that I greatly desire to put a copy into the hands of each teacher in my school, twenty-four in all. Will you kindly let me know if I can obtain that many? I will gladly pay for them as I regard the Manual most highly. I shall have them protected with strong covers, for permanent use from year to year."

HALF A TON OF LITERATURE

More than half a ton of our humane literature, including over eleven hundred copies of "Black Beauty" and a thousand copies of "Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst" and fifty copies of "Beautiful Joe," besides over seven hundred copies of various leaflets and pamphlets, was shipped in December to the Philippine S. P. C. A., at Manila, for their use in educational work.

Mrs. Henry B. McCoy is the very active president of this Society, of which Governor-General Forbes is the first vice-president.

FROM A WESTERN MAYOR

The mayor of a far western city, in sending us a liberal order for humane literature, writes:

"I am trying to instill a little humanity in the young of this western town, and I guess you are the people to get me started."

A HUMANE "TAG DAY"

Mercy workers will be interested in the successful and novel plan of collecting dog licenses in use by the Humane Society of Pasadena, Cal., observes the *Union Signal*. When a dog is seen without the necessary metal tag on his collar, a tag of durable cardboard will be fastened to it, and the dog, returning home thus adorned, reminds the owner of his negligence. On one side of the card is printed the warning, as follows: "To the owner of this dog. You are hereby notified that under Ordinance — you are required to place and keep a tag upon this dog. Licenses and tag—cost—where obtained, etc. Unless you comply at once with this ordinance, it will be necessary to proceed against you without further notice." Signed, "The Pasadena Humane Society."

On the opposite side of the tag is a copy of the ordinance. In this manner the negligent owner is first warned, and then punished, if need be, but not the dumb animal, and the heartless dog catcher, with his wagon of pitiful dogs, is not seen upon the streets.

CRUEL CUSTOMS IN FRANCE

American Traveler Sees Painful Conditions among Animals in Public Markets

An American traveler in France, writing to a well-known humanitarian, describes the cruel customs on weekly market days in many French towns. Various protests and remonstrances have been made, the writer states, against these wide-spread cruelties, but with little avail. She says:

"The calves, sheep and lambs are tied up with all four feet together as tightly as possible with rather thin but strong cords which must be very painful. They are laid in piles, first in wagons and then on the ground all over the market place from early in the morning until they are sold. They are treated, in part, just exactly as though they were already dead, and those that I examined were nearly dead. Of course they kick and struggle and injure each other, besides being all day without water or food. The chickens are tied by the legs and carried up-side-down, by the feet. I saw a woman going off with a large live hare hanging head downwards by a cord tied tightly around its hind legs. Many of the English and Americans who come here have complained of this market, but so far nothing has been changed.

"In Italy I often saw calves coming from market. They were always in carts, standing up, not tied, and looked perfectly comfortable. They even had straw to stand or lie on. If the Italian peasants can do this, surely the French peasants can. I think that all the Italian S. P. C. A.'s have done an enormous amount of good, though they are very poor."

HUMANE LAWS IN CANAL ZONE

By an executive order of President Taft humane laws have been decreed for children and animals in the Canal Zone. Cruelty is made a misdemeanor. Any agent of a regularly organized humane society may be invested with authority to enforce this order.

HUMANE TEXT-BOOKS

It is now twenty-eight years since Abraham Firth, then secretary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., published his "Selections for School Exhibitions and Private Reading, Illustrating and Advocating Kindness to All Living Creatures," in three small volumes. This was probably the first serious attempt in this country to produce anything like a humane education reader. Under the title, "Voices for the Speechless," the book is still serving a worthy purpose.

Then, ten years ago, came an ideal story book for teaching children kindness to animals, Miss Sarah J. Eddy's "Friends and Helpers." The attractive selections and original stories brought this into favor at once as a supplementary reader in schools. It is still the most handsomely illustrated book on the subject.

With the constantly increasing number of states having humane education laws, there has been a growing demand for something more than a reader—a practical text-book that could be used as a basis of systematic study by the pupil. The task is no simple one. Text-books on ethics are not easy to compile or write, and those that exist are mostly adapted to mature minds only. The difficulties of teaching principles of conduct to little folks through text-books are apparent. Yet if humane education means anything, it means heart culture. The surprise is not that we do not have better books for this purpose, but that we do have several that are so good. It is easy to criticise and perhaps to point out defects in existing attempts in this line, but where would we be without any books of the kind?

It is a hopeful sign that out of the West, from Chicago and from Denver and from Oregon, have come, during the past year, the three latest contributions to this literature. These are:

"Character Building," by Marian M. George; "Dumb Animals and How to Treat Them," by Edwin Kirby Whitehead;

"Ethical Culture Readers," by Emma E. Page, a review of which is given in this issue.

THE ZOOLOGICAL ORCHESTRA

The turkey plied the drumsticks, while
The puppy took the bones;
The bullfrog played an instrument
That gave the lowest tones.

The elephant could trumpet, and
The fiddler was a crab;
The Katy-did a song and dance
Upon a graveyard slab.

The inch-worm counted measures, while
The woodwind turned the leaves;
The quail, he had to whistle, for
Those mocking-birds are thieves.

The yellow-jacket's organ point
Was rather sharp and thin;
The kitten brought an article
To string the violin.

The cow tossed off a solo, for
No one could low so well;
Her horn was blew and tipped with brass;
She also rang the bell.

The bee could play upon the comb;
They wished he hadn't come,
For all the music that he knew
Was "Hum, Sweet Hum."

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS,
in *Success Magazine*.

For Our Dumb Animals

A DOG AND A BRUTE

In the suburban district of a large city, a young lady boarded an open electric car. As she got into the car, a large, good-natured looking bulldog sprang aboard on the other side of the car, and sat looking contentedly into her face.

"Oh Deacon," she cried, "you must get off, you can't go with me!"

When the conductor came for her fare, she asked him to put her dog off. Without stopping the car, the conductor caught hold of the dog's collar and using all his strength, threw the dog sprawling on his side on the granite pavement. The poor animal struggled to his feet and staggered off.

One day, some time later, the same conductor was walking back and forth before a candy store, waiting for his little girl to come out. The store was near the spot where the dog had been thrown from the car a few days before. Just as the child came out of the store, the dog, who no doubt belonged in that neighborhood, sprang at the conductor. The child screamed:

"Oh papa, papa, is he hurting you?"

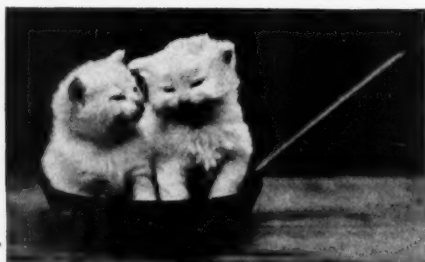
As soon as he heard the child's voice the dog let go, and slunk away, looking back at her with mournful, loving eyes, that seemed to say, "I am not such a brute as he is; I could not hurt him because you love him."

ANNIE H. QUILL,

South Portland, Maine.

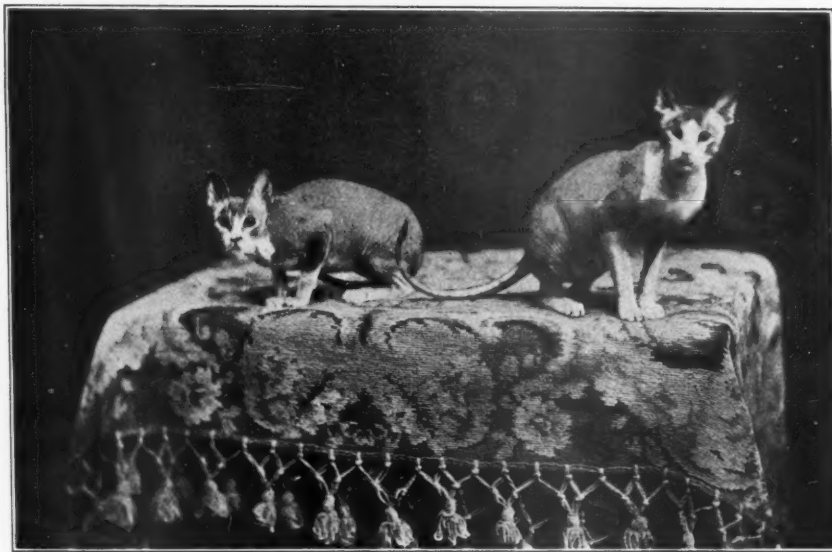
Cats were household pets in Egypt more than two thousand years ago.

Always keep your dogs and cats nights where they will not disturb the sleep of your neighbors and so come in danger of being poisoned.



Courtesy of Photo Eye Magazine

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



Photograph by Voorhes, Albuquerque, N. M.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS CATS

This interesting picture of the hairless cats of Mexico was loaned to us by Dr. Cecil French, naturalist, of Washington, D. C., who writes:

This breed of felines appears to be now extinct. The one on the left I had in my possession for a short time. It resembled the Mexican hairless dog in that it was totally devoid of a coat. Diligent enquiry on the part of the padres in Mexico has failed to reveal the existence of any other surviving specimens of this peculiar breed, though it is of course possible that there may be a few hidden away in obscure parts.

SEEN ON THE STREET

Generous Workingman Feeds Hungry Cat and Dog from Dinner Pail

A friend of mine was passing along one of the business streets of Boston early on a summer morning, at an hour when few people had risen. The streets, lined only with stores and warehouses, were almost deserted. Presently he saw a workingman, carrying a dinner pail in his hand, come around a corner. The man wore soiled and tattered clothes, and looked as if he might be making his way to the docks or coal yards for a long day's work.

Just at this moment a thin and forlorn cat came out of an alley and walked toward the passing workingman, mewing piteously. The man stopped, bent down and stroked the cat, which responded by arching its back, rubbing against the man's legs and hand, and mewing louder and louder.

"Hungry, I'll be bound," said the workingman. "Some one's gone and left ye." He opened his dinner pail, took out one of two sandwiches which were there, opened it and removed the piece of corned beef that was between the slices of bread, and gave the meat to the cat, breaking the beef up and feeding it to the animal bit by bit.

Just as the cat was greedily eating the last of the meat, a small and very lean and dirty dog came running up, looking wistfully at the proceeding. The cat made no movement toward flight. The dog was evidently an acquaintance.

"Companions in distress!" said the noble workingman. He said nothing more, but, taking the other of the two sandwiches out of his pail, opened that, removed the meat and fed it to the dog. Then he went on to his day's work, without any meat for his own dinner, but leaving the cat purring contentedly and the dog lying in a sunny doorway with the air of one who says: "Fate cannot harm me—I have dined today."

The reader can imagine the effect which the incident must have produced upon the few fellow mortals who witnessed it.

—Budget and Beacon.

THE FISHER CAT

We naturally associate the cat with dry land. It is a common sight to see pussy trying to avoid wetting her velvet feet by jumping over little puddles of water in crossing the street, and if, by accidental step, she should happen to get a little wet, she anxiously shakes her paws to rid them of the water.

It is very seldom we see a cat indifferent to the water, but the writer knows of a case, and was an eye witness, where it was a seeming delight to the cat to run about in the shallow water in pursuit of fish. This cat lived in Provincetown, Massachusetts, where the tide goes out, leaving extensive flats with very shallow water near the shore. It was a common habit for this cat to go down on these flats at almost every low tide and run about in the water, where it was some three or four inches deep, to catch the minnows (a fish about as large as a mouse) which swim in schools near the shore. This cat had a good home with plenty to eat, but seemed to take pleasure in chasing the fish, not always eating those caught, but would generally take the last one in her mouth and carry it home.

J. H. B., in *Cat Review*.

CATS AS HEALTH OFFICERS

Official cats are "appointed to" all public buildings in the German colony of Togo, where natives gather, such as schools, hospitals, and prisons. The government of the colony has issued a decree to this effect to prevent the introduction of plague by rats.

Cats have won a place in China by making the places where they are kept free from the ravages of this enemy of human life.

In Hongkong orders have been made for the maintenance of one cat in each house and three in the larger houses. An investigation at Lome (Togo) showed that there were rat-eating cats there and that rats were not found in houses where cats were kept.

It is officially advised that in all coast towns where there is danger of the plague's entrance the number of resident cats be largely increased as rapidly as possible.—*World's Chronicle*.

A SONG OF SNOW-TIME

Sing a song of snow-time,
Now it's passing by,
Million little fleecy flakes
Falling from the sky;
When the ground is covered,
And the hedge and trees,
There will be a gay time
For the chickadees.

Boys are in the schoolhouse,
Drawing on their slates
Pictures of the coasting-place,
And thinking of their skates;
Girls are nodding knowingly,
Smilingly about,
Thinking of a gay time,
When the school is out.

Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Bang! goes the bell;
Get your hats and coats and wraps,
Hurry off, pell-mell!
Bring along the coasters all,
If you want some fun;
Up to the hilltop,
Jump and slide and run!

Steady now! Ready now!
Each in his place!
Here we go, there we go,
Down on a race!
Sing a song of snow-time,
When the flakes fall;
Coast-time, skate-time,
Best time of all!

—The Angelus.

SEA BIRDS



HERE are a host of sea birds, with which we are not familiar, which are fully as interesting as the land birds, says a contributor to *Boys and Girls*. Their habits are quite different, as a matter of course. Many sea birds pass their lives on the ocean, sleeping at night with their heads tucked in their wings, and floating peacefully on the water. They feed on fishes and small animals that they snatch on the surface of the water. They go on shore to raise their young, choosing the most desolate places—lonely islands and steep cliffs. Thousands of families are raised on the bare rocks, and mingle their shrill screams with the roar of the ocean.

The gulls are abundant the world over. With their strong wings they fly gracefully over the sea. Often on seeing a tempting morsel under the water they suddenly dive for it. They meet to raise their young on the rocks or sand at the mouths of rivers or bays. These beautiful, graceful birds do not venture far out from shore.

Another bird is the stormy petrel, which lives far out on the ocean. A very small bird it is, the smallest of all web-footed birds. It is no larger than a swallow, but quite brave, flying with ease over the rough waters, rising and sinking with the waves, as if in sympathy with them. They are sometimes called "Mother Carey's chickens," and are one of the pleasures of a sea voyage, as they hover over the vessel from day to day.

The largest bird that swims is the powerful albatross. It has a snowy-white body and black wings. It seems to delight in fierce gales, and has been known to follow a ship in midocean for many weeks. It flits over the sea, free as the air, once in awhile swimming on the water.

There is an eider duck which is a real sea bird, living in winter in large flocks on the Arctic seas. In spring these birds mate and swim off the shore. The female builds a nest of dry grass and straw, and lines it with the soft down from her breast. Her eggs are pale green and are usually from six to ten in number. When she leaves her nest in search of food, she carefully covers her eggs with down.

Every one has heard of eider-down and knows of its soft, light qualities. It is a distressing manner in which our eider-down is obtained. The natives rob the nests and take the eider-down. The eggs are valuable, as well as the down. The mother bird, in great distress, builds another nest, the male stripping the down from his breast. This second nest is not taken, as the natives fear the birds would leave the shore entirely.

Make friends with the birds. The country at large suffers by the loss of them. Feed and care for them as you would for the pets of your own household. Encourage them to stay in your company. They are friendly and useful folks, and for kind treatment will repay handsomely in work and song.

JIMMIE SUTER

Of the Society for the Feeding of Birds



IN the afternoon Jimmie had a fine sleigh ride with Rand and his father. They started shortly after dinner, going out on the lake road, past Crowell's woods. While going through a part of Northwood they met two boys in the road, who wore S. F. B. badges.

Mr. Cotter stopped the sleigh and the president of the S. F. B. called the boys and asked them about the work in their neighborhood.

Jimmie and Rand were very much pleased to learn that the two boys were captains, representing two different sections of their town, and they not only fed the birds themselves, but had gone about and asked every family in the neighborhood to help in the work.

They had a very pleasant conversation, Rand introducing himself and Jimmie, which greatly interested the two captains.

Then the sleigh ride was continued without interruption until all at once a novel sight presented itself.



One chickadee bolder than the rest had alighted on the boy's cap. — Page 133.

Not far from a large yellow house, they came upon a boy, standing in an open space he had made in the snow.

He was in the act of feeding a number of birds, mostly chickadees, and one chickadee bolder than the rest had alighted on the boy's cap.

The party in the sleigh had stopped and were taking in the interesting spectacle, while every now and then the laughing boy placed a morsel of food on his cap, which was picked up eagerly by the confiding little chickadee.

Rand started the horses, as he wanted to approach a little nearer; but the noise of the bells frightened the birds and they scattered to the nearby trees.

The boy who was feeding them, a fine-looking, rosy-cheeked lad about Rand's age, turned to look at the occupants of the sleigh; when Jimmie noticed he wore the red badge of the S. F. B. on his coat.

Without a word Jimmie took out his own badge and held it before the stranger, who smiled and said, "So you're in the 'S. F. B. too, are you?'"

(From "Jimmie Suter," by Martha James. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.)



Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word harmless from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We are glad to report this month one hundred and fifty-five new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of seventy-five thousand, seven hundred and thirty-six, with probably over two million members.

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications; also without cost, to every person who forms a Band of Mercy, obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address (town and state) of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
 2. Mr. Angell's "Address to the Boston Public Schools," "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," "Relations of Animals That Can Speak to Those That Are Dumb," and "Annual Report."
 3. "Does It Pay?"—an account of one Band of Mercy.
 4. Copy of "Band of Mercy Melodies."
 5. The "Humane Manual," used on Band of Mercy Day in the public schools of Massachusetts.
 6. Eight "Humane Leaflets," containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
 7. Address by Secretary on "Band of Mercy Work."
 8. For the president, an imitation gold badge.
- The head officers of juvenile temperance organizations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.
- Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.
- Any intelligent boy or girl, fourteen years old, can form a Band without cost, and receive what we offer above.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the pledge together. (See "Melodies.")
- 2.—Remarks by President and reading of report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



BAND OF MERCY BADGES

They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters and border. We sell five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to mail orders for less than five.

See last page for prices of other Band of Mercy supplies, or send for free illustrated catalogue.



SCHOOL IN JOLIET, ILLINOIS, WAITING FOR DISTRIBUTION OF CHRISTMAS ISSUE OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS"

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS FROM TWO NATIONAL LEADERS

From The Woman's Christian Temperance Union

To the Band of Mercy Children in America:

I wish you all a Happy New Year. You cannot fail to be happy if you try to make others happy. By others, I do not only mean brothers, sisters, playmates and other people both large and small, but I have in mind also the horses, the dogs, the kittens, the birds and other friends of this class, for they are all our friends, adding much to the joy of life. Just now I looked from my window and saw a dear little girl scattering crumbs on the snow for the little birds who could find no other breakfast. A few days ago I saw a big handsome boy carrying in his arms a poor dog whose foot had been terribly injured, but the boy hoped the doctor could ease the pain and save his foot. To boys and girls of this kind, I send a message of congratulations and gratitude. I wish everybody would read *Our Dumb Animals*. The beautiful pictures, as well as the interesting stories ought to make us more thoughtful for the comfort of those who are dependent upon us. Again I say, a Happy New Year to all Band of Mercy children; for they who are merciful will indeed be happy, and are blessed.

Evanston, Ill.

LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS, President,

From The American Humane Association

The American Humane Association sends a cordial greeting to every member of a Band of Mercy throughout the United States. There are in the United States over fifty thousand supporters of anticruelty societies. Before many years the boys and girls who are members of Bands of Mercy must become the principal supporters and maintainers of humane work in this country. Last year over one million animals were cared for by societies for the prevention of cruelty. When the boys and girls of the present generation become men and women I have no doubt but what the number cared for will be doubled and trebled.

The humanity of a nation is the true measure of its greatness. The present age of the world is the most enlightened one ever known and its most characteristic distinguishing mark is kindness and mercy to the helpless. I congratulate the Band of Mercy boys and girls on having become living exponents of the chief characteristic of the age in which they live. It will be theirs to make the future better still. When all of mankind has accepted the teachings of humane education, so convincingly advocated by the late Mr. Geo. T. Angell who was the grand leader in this country in starting Bands of Mercy, war will have ceased to be a menace and protection of helpless creatures of every kind will have become the joy and privilege of all the people. Kindness and mercy are sacred duties and I earnestly hope that the young defenders of these noble principles throughout the land will stand by their colors and add to their numbers during 1910.

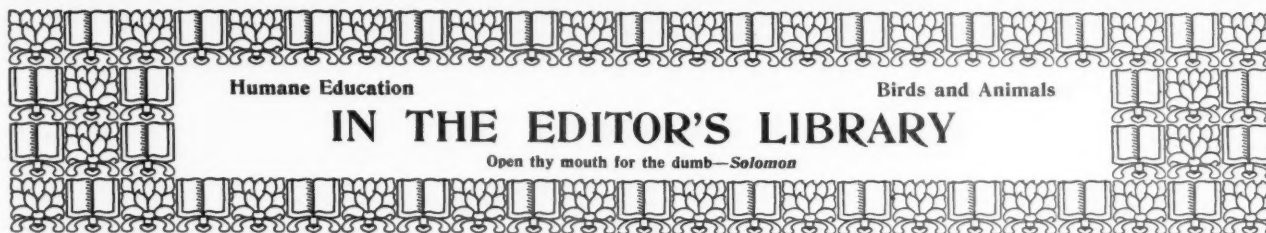
Albany, N. Y.

W. O. STILLMAN, President,

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier. GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy With Names of Presidents

<i>Quinnville, R. I.</i> Quinnville School Golden Rule		<i>Alexandria, Minn.</i> High School		<i>Pittsburgh, Pa.</i> Fides		75645 Div. 4 Gertrude Lynch		Grape St. School Div. 1	
75541 Div. 1 Erastine Gilmore		75569 1st Gr. Mina Spear		75606 Sister M. Raymond		75646 Div. 5 Miss McAllaire		75685 A. L. Hines	
75542 Div. 2 May I. Brooks		75570 2nd Gr. Alice Dyer		<i>Russell, Pa.</i> The Russell Ella Chapman		75647 Div. 1 Williamansett School		75686 Div. 2 Charlotte Low	
<i>Knightsville, R. I.</i> Knightsville Primary Sch. Kind Helpers		75571 6th & 7th Grs. Harvey Kappahan.		<i>Middleton, Ga.</i> Middleton Humane Soc. J. Frank Harper		75648 Div. 2 Miss Messenger		75687 Pine St. School Div. 1	
75543 Div. 1 Ada Conyers		75572 7th & 8th Grs. Clayton Parks		<i>Chicopee Falls, Mass.</i> Chapin School		75649 Div. 3 M. E. Bowe		75688 Div. 2 K. T. Shea	
75544 Div. 2 Mary I. Richardson		75573 8th Gr. Matthew Tindall		75609 Div. 1 S. M. Howard		75650 Div. 4 Miss De Wolf		75689 Smith Highland School Marietta Grady	
75545 Div. 3 Edna L. Searle		75574 1st Gr. Edith Beidler		75610 Div. 2 B. R. Allen		75651 Walnut St. School Mary Woodward		75690 North Chicopee School Anna E. Slattery	
<i>Oaklawn, R. I.</i> Grammar School		75575 2nd Gr. George Gronberg		75611 Div. 3 K. E. Buckley		<i>Chicopee, Mass.</i> Robinson School		75691 Garden City, Kansas Garden City Velma Downs	
75546 Protectors of the Helpless Bessie Brown Primary School		75576 3rd Gr.a Pearl Johnson		75612 Div. 4 A. M. Meeker		75652 Div. 1 A. E. Howard		<i>North Warren, Pa.</i> Audubon	
75547 Protectors of the Helpless Mary C. Hines		75577 3rd Gr.b Meaunena Smith		75613 Div. 5 M. W. Greeley		75653 Div. 2 E. R. Coleman		75692 Lena Duprey	
<i>Meshtanticut Park, R. I.</i> Meshtanticut Park School Loyal Protectors		75578 4th Gr. Harold Colbjornson		75614 Div. 6 C. E. Nugent		75654 Div. 3 E. C. Griffin		<i>Quincy, Mass.</i> L. T. L.	
75548 Div. 1 Caroline W. Slade		75579 5th Gr. Melvyn Wright		75615 Div. 7 C. G. O'Neil		75655 Div. 4 G. D. Wilbur		75693 Albert Akerstrom	
75549 Div. 2 Harriet Kimball		75580 4th & 5th Gr. Howard Stevens		75616 Div. 8 B. W. Owen		75656 Div. 5 E. Cunningham		75694 Turtle Creek, Pa. Hope	
<i>Claremont, N. H.</i> West Claremont Bd. Mrs. J. P. C. Weis		75581 6th Gr. Rebekah Aberle		75617 Div. 9 Edith Alden		75657 Div. 6 B. V. Coleman		75695 Pittsburgh, Pa. Sunshine	
75550 Groton, So. Dak. Groton Sch. 5th Gr. Nell Ingelse		75582 Reynoldsville, Pa. Prescottville A. H. E. S.		75618 Div. 1 Alvord School		75658 Div. 7 A. Ferris		75696 Sister M. Marcellina Joy	
75551 Owensboro, Ky. Ash Valley		75583 Cincinnati, Ohio Eleventh Dist. School		75619 Div. 2 R. A. Trumbull		75659 Div. 8 G. A. Ludden		75697 Sister M. Annunciata	
75552 Pittsfield, Pa. Marguerite Clark		75584 Pittsfield, Pa. Pittsfield School		75620 Div. 3 H. E. Donahue		75660 Div. 1 E. T. Dyer		75698 North Warren, Pa. Preston	
75553 Weston, Mass. Center School		75585 Russell, Pa. Trinity		75621 Div. 4 R. L. Potterfield		75661 Div. 2 A. B. Fitzgerald		75699 Anna S. Wenzel	
75554 Div. 1 Miss Taylor		75586 Kinzua, Pa. Kinzua School		75622 Div. 5 A. L. Espey		75662 Div. 3 M. E. Graffam		75700 Brunswick, Maine Primary School	
75555 Div. 2 Miss Curwin		75587 Hope, Idaho Hope		75623 Div. 6 M. L. Riordan		75663 Div. 4 A. E. Rohan		75701 Hiawatha	
75556 Div. 3 Miss Moore		75588 Dayton, Ohio The Blue Ribbon		75624 Div. 7 G. K. Tormey		75664 Div. 5 M. M. Dwyer		75702 Alice Stephens	
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75558 Div. 5 Miss Sanderson		75590 Div. 1 Edna B. Lockwood		75626 Div. 9 M. A. Alvord		75666 Div. 7 Sheridan St. School		75704 Leonard Haskett Band Leonard Haskett	
75559 Div. 6 Miss Adams		75591 Div. 2 Bertha Boles		75627 Div. 1 Genevieve McGlynn		75667 Div. 1 M. T. Leary		75705 North Leeds, Maine Roland B. Howard	
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<i>Sudbury, Mass.</i> Center School		75595 Div. 6 Anna Bearn		75631 Div. 5 C. L. Warner		75671 Div. 1 Div. 1		75709 First Baptist Ch. S. S.	
75562 Div. 1 L. B. Denham		75596 Div. 8 Mary Cumiskey		75632 Div. 6 Ella Sweetland		75672 Div. 2 E. P. Russell		75704 Beginners Dept. Phillis Wyman	
75563 Div. 2 L. S. Adams		75597 Div. 9 Julia Walsh		75633 Div. 7 Ruth Ward		75673 Div. 3 B. N. Lester		75705 San Diego, Calif. Star	
75564 Div. 3 G. M. Healey		75598 Div. 10 Teresa Clark		75634 Div. 8 Julia Paxnell		75674 Div. 4 M. M. Spear		75706 New Orleans, La. Russell Hutchison	
<i>North Sudbury, Mass.</i> No. Sudbury		75599 Div. 11 Evelyn Craft		75635 Div. 1 Church St. School		75675 Div. 5 Louise Morris		75707 Penelope A. Guardia	
75565 May E. Magee		75600 Div. 12 Ethel Young		75636 Div. 2 A. E. Thomas		75676 Div. 1 Valentine School		75708 North Warren, Pa. Sunshine	
<i>South Sudbury, Mass.</i> So. Sudbury		75601 Div. 13 M. E. Murphy		75637 Div. 3 M. R. Shea		75677 Div. 2 N. L. Warner		75709 Mildred Bennett	
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<i>East Sudbury, Mass.</i> East Sudbury		75603 Div. 15 Mary Donovan		75639 Div. 5 Miss Fanning		75679 Div. 4 S. C. Webster		75711 Fannie McElkinney	
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								75717 Erin	
								75718 Sister M. Xavier	
								75719 Hope	
								75720 Sister M. Miriam	
								75721 St. Francis	
								75722 Sister M. Veronica	
								75723 San Diego, Calif. Childrens Home	
								75724 Emma W. Feakin	
								75725 Cincinnati, Ohio Sherman School	
								75726 Wm. Hubbell Fisher	
								75727 Iva Lowe	



Humane Education

Birds and Animals

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

Open thy mouth for the dumb—Solomon

HUMANE EDUCATION. ETHICAL CULTURE READERS, BOOKS I. and II. Emma E. Page.

These volumes are a revision of an earlier work, "Heart Culture"—a title upon which we think it hard to improve. Miss Page has been for some years a successful organizer and lecturer for the national department of mercy of the W. C. T. U., with headquarters in Oregon. She brings a wide experience and much practical knowledge to her work. Her aim is to teach kindness to animals as a fundamental principle in the building of character. Special effort is made to arouse and develop a sympathetic interest in all forms of life, but chiefly in those creatures that are dependent upon man. Remarkable anecdotes are avoided, preference being given to the common experiences of barn-yard and field. While not attempting scientific nature study, the author has "earnestly striven to avoid being unscientific."

The method is to present selections of verse and prose, followed by questions about the text. The books are divided into four parts: the first, intended to teach that kindness consists in "Doing," the second, to teach the right use of strength and wisdom, and to arouse a sense of justice; the third, teaching care for the comfort and value of common animals, and a feeling of responsibility and sympathy for them; the fourth, showing popular forms of cruelty in pleasure-seeking, the development to be found in nature study, and the importance of birds to agriculture. There are several simple pictures, especially in Book I., but more could have been included to advantage in illustrating the chapters. We are glad to find the concluding pages devoted to Band of Mercy work.

In her preface, the author observes: "Heart culture is now the watchword passed along the line; and when it shall take its rightful place with the culture of mind and body, child character will round out into nobler manhood and womanhood." Teachers are advised to "Encourage the pupils of every grade to careful observation of all life about them. Have them present written studies on the animals that interest them most, and, in all practical ways, stimulate them to accurate observation of the characteristics and habits of Mother Nature's children."

These Ethical Culture Readers are the best textbooks we have yet seen for practical teaching of humane education.

128 and 279 pp., 40 cents each. Educational Publishing Co., Boston.

THE GRIZZLY BEAR, William H. Wright.

This is the narrative of a hunter-naturalist whose investigations and study of the grizzly, throughout its entire range from Mexico to Alaska, make a valuable addition to knowledge of the ways and habits of this little-known animal. We use the term "hunter" advisedly, for our author takes pains to tell us that he laid aside the rifle twelve years ago—"alas! that it had not been sooner."

His concluding observation is significant: "One word I would like to say about shooting. I am the last one, although I myself have had my fill of it, to decry the pursuit of the hunter, but if one really wishes to study an animal let him go without a gun: he will learn more about him in one season than he will in a lifetime of hunting to kill."

In Part I. historical data and a scientific classification of North American bears are given. Part II. is devoted to the author's adventures in the haunts of the true grizzly, while Part III. shows most interesting results obtained by Mr. Wright and Mr. J. B. Kerfoot in flashlight photography.

The facts gleaned by aid of the camera and the author's close observations of the wily grizzly make fascinating reading. There are twenty-four full-page illustrations.

274 pp. \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

BIRDS OF THE BIBLE, Gene Stratton-Porter.

Bird lovers who are also Bible students must rejoice at the appearance of this exhaustive volume, with its more than eighty full-page illustrations, its attractive typography, and its imitation-wood cover. It is a splendid specimen of modern book-making.

Its twenty chapters deal with as many different birds, following learned descriptions of "The Time" and "The Place" of the feathered subjects. The reader finds himself at once in the presence of a writer who has at her command the latest biblical and natural science; also a thorough historical knowledge of her large theme. She is at home in the latest theory of the origin of life; she quotes freely such ancient bird writers as Aristotle and Pliny. She enters the whole realm of natural history and even goes into botany and geology to adduce facts to familiarize the reader with the countries and epochs in which Moses and Solomon and David and Job wrote concerning birds.

It is hard to leave the chapter on "Birds of the Poets," with its characterizations of Solomon, whose "comparisons and poetic imagery never have been equalled," and of David, who "wrote the tenderest things with divine purity," and whose "writings are like a bed of snowy lilies blooming in a tender valley under the sweep of fragrant winds."

David's

"Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers:
The snare is broken and we are escaped;"

is quoted, and we forget our author's rare scholarship when the heart and out-door life that she brings to this work are revealed in such an illumination of the lines as this:

"In my work in the fields I take wild birds into my hands more frequently than you would believe. . . . I know the throbbing pulsations of the captive wild bird-heart against my fingers, when it leaps and pumps, the sharp cries sound wholly unlike the usual bird-voice, and the tiny thing bites frantically at the hand that would give it life. This is the fear that is in the heart of the snared bird as it struggles, and then—thank gracious Heaven!—sometimes the snare is broken and it escapes. Back among the tree-tops, fanning the air with free wing, who shall paint its exultant joy?"

The chapters on particular kinds of birds are all filled with interpretations of the Bible references and much valuable present-day information. "In nearly every instance what Bible writers said of the birds proves their habits and characteristics unchanged today," says the writer who, "with all deference" urges ministers and Sabbath-school teachers to root and ground their hearers in the animals and in the birds, as well as in Bible geography, history, and customs.

Much information is given about the modern ostrich, the eyelashes of which are accounted for by the desert life of the species.

Of "The Hawk" we are told the author's opinion that with more studying and developing "this bird would respond to teaching much quicker, and be far more intelligent than the crow. . . . The hawk has the most comprehensive bird face I know. . . . The longer I study hawk faces and history, the more firmly I become convinced that these birds fly by the wisdom of the Almighty, and we suffer the penalty if we interfere."

"The Bittern," because of its voice, appears in the Bible as a "horrible example." Its wails are shown to be the most solemn and desolate-sounding of any known bird.

"The Peacock," which has its origin in Japan, for the plainer species, and Siam, Ceylon, and India, for the commonest and most beautiful, first appears at the court of Solomon, brought thither by the navy of Tharshish. Our author is sure that

peacocks were among the presents carried away by the Queen of Sheba "for most women love to own a peacock if they can, and be like one if they have an opportunity." "The Stork" is a translation of the Hebrew word meaning kindness, indicating that these birds were named ages ago by men who had noted the great care of the old birds for their young, and their tenderness to each other.

"The Raven," one of the oldest and most interesting birds in history, "big and strong, nearly two feet in length, with a fifty-two inch wing sweep," is much praised for its sustained flight, its wisdom, and its powers of mimicry, also for the great attachment in mating (probably for life) and the valiant defense of its young. Pigeons and doves were loved and honored above all other birds in the Bible. "The Owls" mentioned are all emblems of ruin, but the volume concludes with this lofty tribute to this species:

"I am very fond of the owls. I dislike to see any bird become an object of repulsion merely because its voice does not harmonize with our standard of melody. All birds cannot be larks and nightingales; but it is not their fault; and who are we, that we presume to criticise the creatures of the Almighty or the workings of evolution as he has planned them?"

The volume is full of classic references. It contains a wealth of scientific data, in popular terms, that will hold the attention of all mature minds. The style is clear and entertaining. Its perusal cannot fail to stimulate at once a greater love for bird-life and a profounder admiration for the Sacred Book.

469 pp. \$2.00. Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati.

FINN THE WOLFHOUND, A. J. Dawson.

The author of this book has made a worthy contribution to the best animal literature. The tale will appeal not alone to lovers of dogs, but to all who enjoy an interesting story full of animal action.

Finn is the most distinguished son of a long line of princes among dogs who in the early centuries were fierce warriors and protectors of kings—the type that naturalists have pronounced the "greatest, finest, and tallest of all dogs." At fifteen months, Finn outpoints all his class and takes the coveted blue ribbons from former proud champions. But the master's fortunes decline, he is forced to leave the old English home for Australia, and finally to part with Finn. The dog passes through many vicissitudes, only to escape from the haunts of cruel men to join the wild life of the bush. Many enemies appear, the battle for existence is fierce, and Finn, mightiest of Irish wolfhounds, finds himself in strange company. He learns the tricks of the wild, and by virtue of tooth and claw succeeds. His inherited prowess and stamina avail gloriously until the former champion in the world of civilization becomes the monarch of the bush. A season of drought brings hunger and thirst. The starving pack, under the leadership of the heroic Finn, are seeking relief when a peculiar scent is discovered. The trail leads to a strange creature—a man—and the man is Finn's long-lost master.

487 pp. J. B. Lippincott Company, New York.

MASTER BOB ROBIN, Henry Stannard, R. B. A.

This little volume teaches a good lesson to very young readers in whom it will inspire a love for bird study. It tells in a few sentences how "Master Bob" lost his tail feathers in a trap, while stealing cherries. But the tail grows out again and all ends happily with the robins' Christmas carol. Contains nineteen illustrations, all highly colored.

64 pp. 50 cents. Frederick Warne & Co., New York.

Receipts of the M. S. P. C. A. for November, 1909
Fines and witness fees, \$164.75.

FOR THE ANGELL MEMORIAL BUILDING

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